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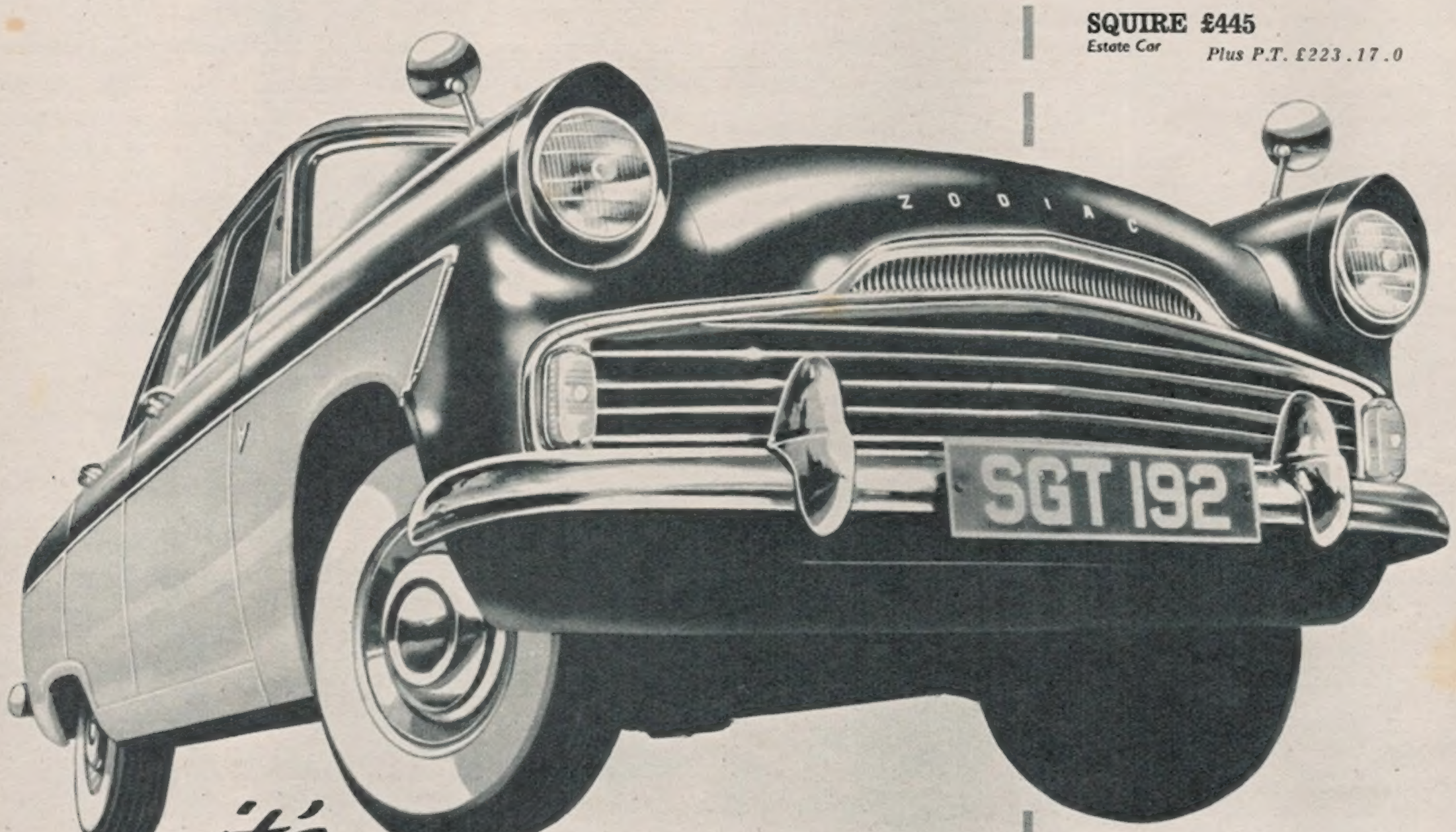

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REPORT FROM THE EDITOR

Phyllis Bentley is still in love with her Yorkshire birthplace

PHYLLIS BENTLEY, the novelist, whose latest short story appears on page 11, does most of her writing in the first-floor study of her pleasantly secluded Victorian house in Halifax, where she has lived since 1910.

At the still energetic age of sixty-one she remains completely in love with her birthplace and the sturdy people whose characters are moulded in the smoking valleys below the bleak moors. "Halifax gives an impression of 'dark satanic mills'," she admits. "But how many towns can boast more than fifty well-run societies like the Thespians — where Wilfred Pickles once played Richard III—the Authors' Circle, and the Association for the Encouragement of the Arts?"

Miss Bentley is president of all three, and of the Association of Yorkshire Bookmen. She is on the council of the Brontë Society and has edited a new edition of the Brontë works. An impressive bronze group of the three Brontë sisters stands in her comfortable, high-ceilinged drawing-room below the study where at 9 a.m. every day she begins to write in longhand.

Her first novel was published in 1922. "I get my inspiration from life without much trouble," she says. But if inspiration fails she goes walking in thick tweeds and strong brogues—up beyond the millstone grit houses and the chimneys of Halifax to the wild high places where the ghosts of the Brontës dwell.

ON a sunny spring morning in 1932 the sedateness of King's Parade, Cambridge, was shattered by a young man dancing on the pavement. As he clapped astonished bystanders on the back, he burst out: "We've just split the atom."

It was characteristic of Sir John Cockcroft that he should share his enthusiasm with others. Then aged thirty-four, he immediately recognized the implications of his experiment, though it was nineteen years before it brought him the Nobel Prize. Cockcroft's ability to communicate the importance of scientific facts to the layman has been to a great extent responsible for Britain's lead in atomic power generation, about which he writes on page 16. It was he who first warned the government about the military uses of the atom and who later also laid the plans for its peaceful uses.

Yet there is nothing forbiddingly learned or dogmatic about Cockcroft. He enjoys his quiet life at Harwell, where he lives with his wife and their son and four daughters. He relaxes with an occasional game of cricket and, in the evening, with his excellent collection of gramophone records. Though he once yearned to return to Cambridge, he finds that his more important job as Director of Harwell has its compensations. Travelling round the world enables him to meet the leading scientists of all nations. It also allows him to bring back the latest gramophone records.

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Free Speech

- A father shares his nest egg
- The party to sweep the polls
- Right fare for household pets

A MAN I know retired recently and almost immediately unloaded himself of much of his money.

When asked why he had done this, he said that he didn't want his three sons ever to wish him out of the way so that they "could get hold of my brass." So at a time of their lives when he thought it would do them most good, he gave them each their share. But he made it quite clear that there wouldn't be any more, even after his death.—Miss H. K. Palmer, Gloucester Avenue, London, N.W.1.

Ignorant English?

Englishmen must surely be the most ignorant of nationals when it comes to identifying parts of the kingdom in which they live. We have had to accept the use of the word "England" when Great Britain is meant; reference to the Union Jack as the "English" flag; the Queen referred to as Queen Elizabeth II of Scotland; a confusion of "Great Britain" and the "United Kingdom" at industrial exhibitions; and an "English" ice hockey team comprising Canadian players.—J. T. McFadden, Wembley, Middlesex.

Great Britain consists of England, Scotland and Wales; and the United Kingdom of these countries with Northern Ireland.

There is no legal definition of a British subject, but under the British Nationality Act, 1948, people who are allowed to describe themselves as British are citizens of the Commonwealth, United Kingdom and Colonies.

Also Painful

Dentists should be more accommodating and insist that housewives make appointments towards the middle of the day, leaving the early morning and late afternoon for people who have to go to work.

I am a salesman and I have had to go for treatment four times in recent weeks. But instead of spending only half an hour at the dentist's, from say nine to 9.30 a.m., I have had to go at 11 a.m. each time—virtually wasting a whole morning. I have lost two whole days' business altogether.—W. P. S., Birmingham.

Petty Parties

D.E.L., Hertfordshire, says that he will know the country is waking up when people start kicking him off their front steps when he calls to canvass them ("Free Speech," September 29). If he calls on me, I will oblige.

Not one British political party today has the well-being of the nation at heart. They are all far too eager to score off each other with petty Parliamentary verbiage, and they are all hide-bound with outdated doctrinaire beliefs. If one party could show the electorate that it really understands the problems of today, and that it is prepared to carry commonsense solutions into effect, it would sweep the polls.—R. W. P., Chester.

. . . Of more than six hundred M.P.s only twenty-two were present when the Air Estimates were being discussed in the House of Commons on March 5 last. When a general election is pending, M.P.s fall over themselves for that one vital vote, but when elected they seem to forget pre-election promises and attendance becomes more spasmodic. One reason, perhaps, why the public couldn't care less.—M. H. Prior, Reading, Berks.

. . . Many people resent attempts to make them reveal their political opinions. They prefer to register their support democratically, by ballot. It may well be that Britain is not so much bored with politics as with political party canvassers.—E. N., Manchester.

Find The Loser

A person does not have to surrender found property to the police ("Free Speech," September 15), and there is no law to compel him to.—D. Hughes, Bangor, Caerns.

"It is the law that the finder of an article must do his best to find the owner," says a lawyer. "And one of the best ways of trying to do this is by taking the article to the police station."

Friendly Fox

I have a friend who is a quarry owner, and he allows his hens to roam around the quarry during the day, locking them up at night. Some hens have laid their eggs among the rocks and two nests have produced

six and seven chicks respectively. They are quite sturdy and strong in spite of the very wet summer. And only a few yards away is a foxes' lair; but the foxes have never shown any inclination to cause trouble.—W. H. Currant, Houghton-le-Spring, Co. Durham.

Checked

If the letters "E. and O.E."—Errors and Omissions Excepted—appeared in every auditor's certificate ("Free Speech," September 29), the certificate would be worthless. An auditor must have ascertained that the information he certifies is correct, and if he is not satisfied with anything he should state this in his certificate.—E. C., Dunmurry, Belfast.

Diets For Pets

It would be a good idea if animal dealers provided a slip of paper with each animal sold, giving details of the food and accommodation it needs. I am sure that much suffering caused by well-meaning pet owners would be prevented in this way.

I recently heard of a tortoise owner who was worried because his pet "refused to eat." It nearly starved to death, and no wonder: the tortoise is a strict vegetarian, yet it was being given worms and insects to eat.—M. Holliday, Sutton Coldfield, Warwicks.

Some dealers do give this service, and so does the R.S.P.C.A. Any pet owner can send to them at 105 Jermyn Street, London, S.W.1, for a

CONTINUED ON PAGE 6

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" Just that you seem to forget, Freddie, that it was *I* who recommended the ' Philishave ' to *you* ".

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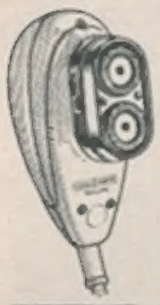

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Free Speech

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 4

free leaflet describing the sort of food and accommodation that different pets need. The kind of pet should be stated.

Hot And Cold

I always associate thunderstorms with hot, dry and sultry days. But I wonder how the scientists can explain the great many storms which we have had recently even though temperatures were mostly below normal.—I. D. JOHNSON, St. Leonard's Road, Nazeing, Essex.

" There are two types of storm," says a meteorologist. " Those which are experienced in hot, sultry weather, and those which are set off by cold unstable masses of air, which have been so predominant this summer."

Hornets' Return

Last year I helped a friend to destroy a hornets' nest in a tree stump which was too near his front door for comfort. This year we were surprised to find another nest—not in the tree this time, but only twenty yards away, in an attic. Do hornets favour certain places and areas, I wonder, and are they as dangerous as many people believe?—B. WILLIAMS, Torrington, Devon.

The hornet is a member of the wasp family, but it is much bigger than the wasp and is brown and yellow instead of black and yellow. It usually nests in hollow trees, but sometimes chooses buildings. The hornet is found chiefly in southern England, particularly in the New Forest, parts of East Anglia, the Wye Valley and Devonshire.

It has a more dangerous sting than the wasp. " In fact," adds an expert, " the only sting that is known to have caused death in Britain belonged to a hornet."

On Tap

During a holiday in Cumberland I visited relatives near Penrith. They had bought a house at Melmerby which had previously been a vicarage since it was built in 1853.

While exploring the attic they discovered a complete whisky still built

underneath the eaves, and also a concealed warning system from the hall to the attic.

My photograph shows the owner, Mrs. F. Teasdale, inspecting part of the still, which has been dismantled and used as part of a new sink unit in the kitchen.—E. W. THOMPSON, New Basford, Nottingham.

Speedy Cyclists

While driving down a steep hill at thirty miles an hour in a restricted area, I was overtaken by three pedal-cyclists, one after another, while two others already in front continued to pull away. As they had no speedometers, I wondered, if they were summoned, whether they could get off by making a plea that they didn't know they were exceeding the speed limit.—J. R. M., Cheshire.

" It is not a question of knowing whether the speed limit is being exceeded, but whether it is in fact being exceeded," says a lawyer. " A car speedometer may be broken, but it would not absolve the driver from blame if he was going too fast. It is up to riders and drivers to see that they don't exceed the speed limit."

Appeal Dismissed

On my first day in France I was fined nine hundred francs " on the spot " for allegedly overtaking on a continuous yellow line.

I maintained that no offence had been committed, but I was seriously handicapped by the language difficulty, and the *agent de police*

vociferously demanded the nine hundred francs. He threatened that it would cost me two thousand in court.

Finally, I gave up and chose the fine on the spot. But how I longed for English justice, where the policeman is not both accuser and judge, and where one can give evidence before an impartial bench.—W. H. WELLS, Shirehampton, Bristol.

On the spot fines were recently introduced in France for minor traffic offences. The fine is not increased if the case is taken to court: the extra is to cover legal costs.

For The Picking

Living in the country, I become more and more amazed each year at the wastage of our wild fruits and berries, which fall and rot for want of picking. We always found great fun as children—and still do—in making excursions for blackberries, sloes, crabapples and hazel nuts. Jam and wine making are still the order of the day in our house and the only expense is the sugar to make them with.

Farmers allow people on their land if all gates are closed and litter is picked up. I see no excuse for the modern housewife who wants to ease her budget and doesn't.—W. HODGSON, Saffron Walden.

Council Aid

Building societies borrow money on a short-term basis (" Free Speech," September 29), but so do local authorities, yet they can lend money at fixed rates for up to twenty-five years. And their rates are no higher than those of building societies.

A mortgage I took out in 1950 under the Small Dwelling Acquisition Acts is still at the same rate of interest.—P. B., Cumberland.

Under these Acts local authorities are empowered to lend up to ninety per cent of the value or purchase price of a private dwelling, up to a maximum of £5,000. The rate of interest charged is usually about one-quarter per cent above that at which the local authority borrows it. This is to cover administration costs.

Superstition Census

Last week I saw two ladders outside a shop in London's West End.

My census of a hundred people approaching the ladders showed that of seventy-seven women, fifty-three avoided the ladders by walking into the gutter or on the extreme edge of the kerb. Only four of the twenty-three men avoided them, but most of the others hesitated, apparently felt ashamed at being noticed, and walked straight on.

It amazes me to think that after more than nineteen centuries of

CONTINUED ON PAGE 8

FINEST PROPRIETARY SCOTCH

The "Thunder and Lightning"—one of the most popular salmon flies on the River Spey.

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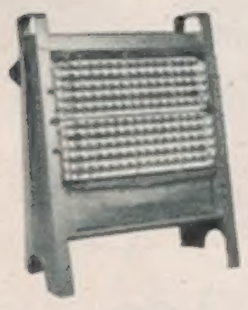

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Free Speech

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 6

Christianity and eighty-six years of compulsory education, apparently normal people should become prey to such absurd superstitions.—HECTOR CLARK, Lawn Road, London, N.W.3.

No Questions

"When Lord Lorde got up, papers in hand, on Friday afternoon, to answer his oral questions in the House of Commons . . ." says Nicholas Mousarrat ("The Tribe That Lost Its Head," JOHN BULL, September 22).

But the House of Commons does not have Question Time on Friday afternoons. And it begins its business on those days at 11 a.m., not the customary 2.30 p.m., when Question Time commences on other days.—KEN MORGAN, Official Reporter, House of Commons, London, S.W.1.

Safer Bread

"Wholemealers don't get ulcers," says a miller, Cyril Allinson ("How White Should Your Loaf Be?" JOHN BULL, September 22).

For many years I had eaten only brown bread but I was taken to hospital with a duodenal ulcer. My treatment, which lasted nearly two months, was rest and diet. For the past four years I have kept to the diet prescribed and have had no further trouble. Among the forbidden foods is wholemeal bread—A. W. BROWN, South Chingford, London, E.4.

"Wholemeal bread does not cause ulcers," says a doctor. "But people who already have ulcers are liable to be more upset by wholemeal bread than by bread which does not contain quite so much bran and roughage."

Design For Strength

I have often wondered why all bicycles are not made to the same pattern—without a crossbar, so that they could be ridden by members of either sex. I need a cycle and my husband has a good one which he does not use. But because of the crossbar I cannot ride it. I shall have to buy one.—MRS. S. COLE, Derby Road, Gloucester.

"The strongest and most efficient frame, the diamond frame design—the one with the crossbar—has remained unaltered since 1869," says the British Cycle and Motorcycle Industries Association. "The lady's bicycle frame is probably not quite so strong, and it is more complicated and more expensive to manufacture."

John Bull pays one guinea for each letter published in "Free Speech," and at the usual rates for photographs. Readers with problems (other than medical) should write to the John Bull Free Advice Service, whose experts answer questions by post

Win £1,000 cash FREE for a cover title

JOHN BULL'S £100-a-week contest for a cover title has proved so popular that it has been decided to award a special *additional* prize of £900 for the best of all the winning titles in the series which ends on December 8—making a total of £1,000 cash *free*.

All you have to do is to decide on a title of not more than eight words for this week's cover painting. Then cut out the small reproduction of the cover printed at the foot of this page, paste it on the right-hand side of a plain postcard and write your title alongside it in BLOCK CAPITAL letters. Add your name and full postal adress, then post the card (2d. stamp) to JOHN BULL, No. 5 Cover, 96 Long Acre, London, W.C.2 (Comp.), to arrive not later than Monday, October 29, 1956.

Each reader may send one postcard only for this week's contest, and only one title may be written on each postcard. The prize will be shared in the event of a tie. The weekly prize of £100 will be awarded for the most apt and original title received, and the additional prize of £900 will be awarded at the end of the contest to the sender of the best of all the winning titles. The Editor's decision is final on all matters concerning the competition. Employees of the proprietors of JOHN BULL (also of associated companies) and their families are not allowed to enter.

ANOTHER OPPORTUNITY TO WIN £1,000 NEXT WEEK

THE COVER

Now how does that feel? Like a world champion, no doubt. It's no use Father saying that his lucky boots lasted through ten fabulous seasons and that he wore them until they fell to pieces (as he was scoring a winning goal). To the captain of the Colts XI new boots are worth a two-goal lead—and almost as much kudos as personally owning a football. But to be fair to Father, he's happy to pay out for such shiny black magic. And Laurent's cover mother, in her innocence, can hope that at last the family's sportsman won't kick his best shoes to pieces.

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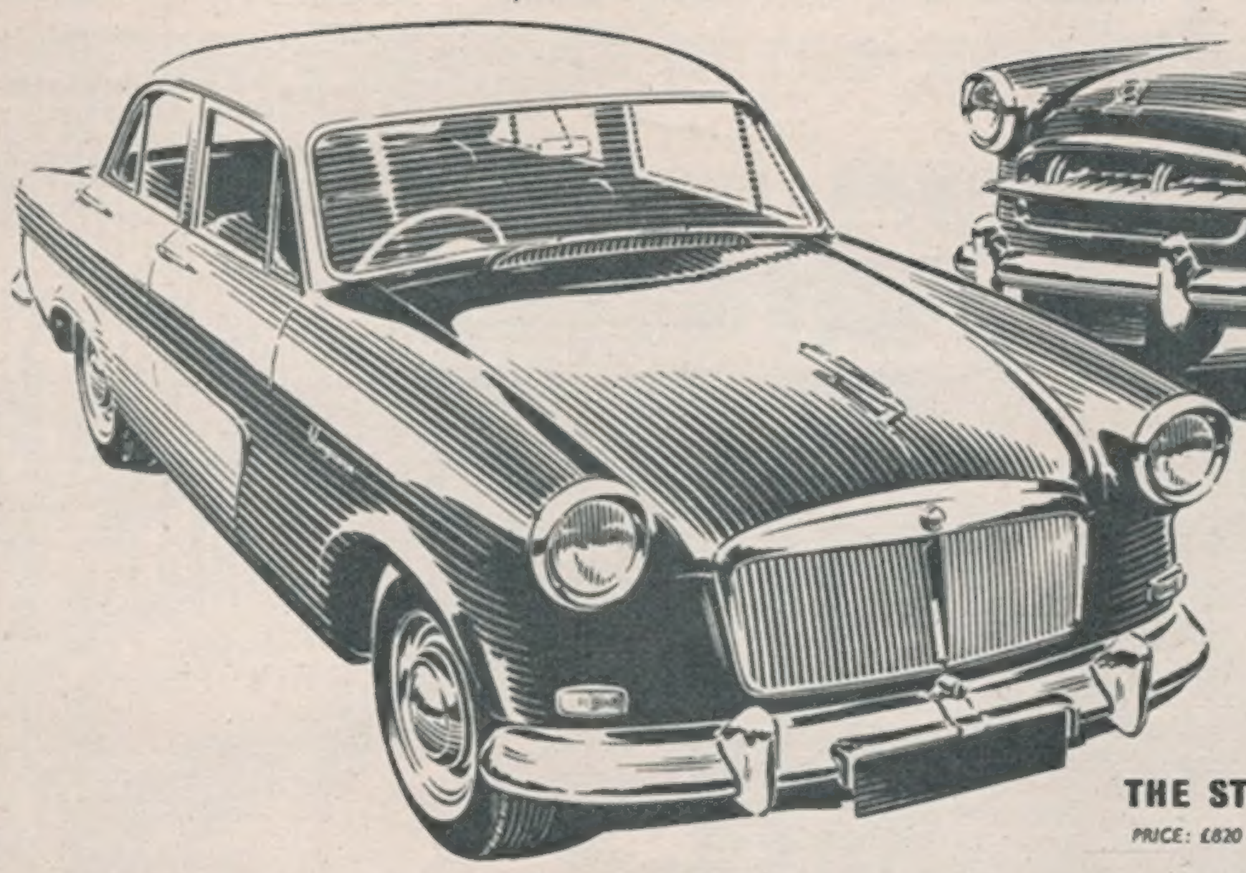

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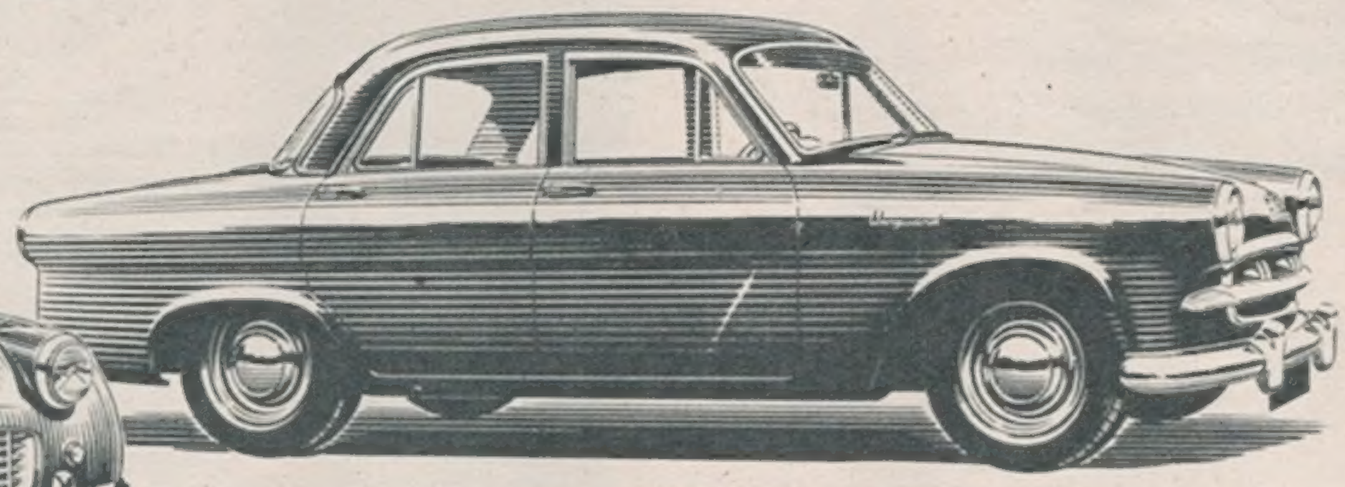

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A PRICE FOR SOPHIA

by PHYLLIS BENTLEY

She had to make him happy—knowing how much she had cost . . .

ON a cold, wet Tuesday morning in 1766, Schofield Priestley was riding down from his homestead on the Scape Scar hillside to the West Riding town of Annotsfield, Tuesday being Annotsfield market day, with the piece of cloth he had woven that week lying in front of him on the saddle.

The sun was not yet fully risen and the wide landscape of turbulent hills looked chill, colourless and grim. A strong wind howled at his back and from time to time sudden gusts of rain in very large drops poured heavily down on him from the grey clouds flying across the sky. Many people would have found the scene dreary and comfortless, but to Schofield it seemed natural and stimulating.

A shortish, wiry, sturdy, shrewd young man, with tousled dark hair and bright black eyes and a cheerful colour in his cheeks, Schofield had all the robust realism of his county, and the suggestion that his native Pennines were depressing would simply have made him stare.

At present, in any case, he was too deeply engrossed in an inward vision to notice the rain-swept hills. A new and charming pattern for a cloth was forming itself in his mind. He saw it woven in a soft strawberry colour: an

"Any friend of my brother's, sir, is welcome," said Sophia. . . . Schofield was already in love with her

ILLUSTRATED BY EDWIN PHILLIPS

arrangement of nine little rectangles forming a kind of lozenge, repeated so. . . .

But no; to repeat the lozenge endlessly was too simple; crude. A "figured Amens" cloth such as he was planning must have a delicacy, a subtlety, a richness, if it were to please a merchant's experienced eye. His nine-pointed lozenges must be interspersed with simple rectangles in some way or other, to soften and complicate the design. . . .

No West Riding road ever completes its course without climbing uphill and sinking down dale, and the rough, stony track which Schofield followed down to Annotsfield was no exception to this rule. A short but steep ascent now confronted him. Always kindly and warm-hearted whether to man or beast, Schofield slipped off his plain brown cob and led him up the slope.

In this fold of the hills they were sheltered from the wind and had no view; the horse planted its feet with care, while Schofield did the same and thought about his figured Amens.

Suddenly at the top of the slope, they came out into the open. The wind hit them like a blow and the huge landscape burst upon their eyes in the colours of full daylight. At the same moment the design for Schofield's cloth burst upon his mind, clear and perfect.

"Aye, that's right! I've hit it!" he exclaimed. He remounted Dobbie and rode away down to Annotsfield, whistling cheerfully. . . .

At that time the cloth market in Annotsfield was held round the parish church, the fine Cloth Hall which the third Sir John Resmond was erecting for the town being yet a-building. The clothiers from the outlying districts—or manufacturers, as the more important of them liked now to be called—laid their pieces out on the churchyard wall, or sometimes, to the scandal of the vicar, on the flat table-gravestones themselves, and the merchants walked around looking at the cloths, choosing what they wanted to buy.

If the day were wet or blustery, like this Tuesday, the market was a somewhat comfortless affair, what with the wet grass and there sometimes not being enough space on the wall to accommodate all who desired it. It would be a fine thing for Annotsfield when the Cloth Hall was finished and the cloth could be sold at one's ease inside, on a bench one rented and was therefore sure of, and sheltered from the weather.

TODAY, for instance, there was a fair, lanky lad at the market who could not find a place to lay down his piece wherever he went, the men already in occupation either giving him a blankly polite rejection or driving him off with laughing jeers.

The lad was well-dressed in a full-skirted green coat and wore a cocked hat, beneath which his fair hair was neatly tied back with a black ribbon. His speech seemed above the ordinary too, with a kind of a lisp in it, and he was rather good-looking in a way, having a long, fair face—like a merino sheep, thought Schofield—a large well-shaped nose and big pale grey eyes.

But for all that he was something of a noodle, Schofield judged. He seemed to have very little idea how to carry a piece of cloth, and fumbled it about getting it over his shoulder till two or three yards came out of fold. Eventually he actually dropped the cloth on the ground, and began to tug and pull it in a feeble, unaccustomed manner calculated to cover the whole piece in mud before he'd done.

"Here!" said Schofield, unable to bear the spectacle of this inefficiency any longer. "You can come next to me, if you've a mind. I'll give you a hand."

With one heave of his wiry arms he threw the cloth on to the wall beside his own, then tidied its folds and opened its bosom for show with practised ease. It was a very poor, rough cloth, an old-fashioned kersey, undyed, unfinished and very unevenly woven.

"I am greatly obliged to you, sir," said the lad gravely, bowing.

"Lord, what a fool he is!" thought Schofield. "And what a fool am I," he thought presently with a grimace, "to let his cloth lie next to mine. I hope nobody thinks it's come off *my* loom."

This reflection arose because one or two of his acquaintances, walking by with a nod and a "Well Scofe!" of greeting, gave the kersey a startled glance as they passed. However, his uneasiness on this score was soon laid to rest, for a merchant he had often dealt with recently came bustling up and bought his week's work with flattering promptness. The price and place of delivery being arranged, the merchant took a side glance at the kersey and opened his eyes in surprise.

"Taken a partner?" he said quietly to Schofield, turning a shoulder on the lad, who stood there beaming around as if he hadn't a care in the world.

"Nay! He's nowt to do wi' me. I don't even know his name."

"Happen that's just as well," said the merchant, glancing again at the kersey.

"Happen!" agreed Schofield dryly. "Still," he added, feeling a movement of pity towards the silly lad, "you might buy it in for rough use, for a few shillings, you know."

"Well—I might," agreed the merchant. He turned to the boy and in the customary whisper offered a price far below the usual level.

"Should I accept, Mr. Scofe?" inquired the lad. He named the price in his ordinary loud

Schofield had asked her to marry him—and she was angry. "You think, sir," Sophia said, "that I can be bought with a piece of cloth." He was startled that she should think that

lisping drawl, so that several men near by frowned and cried "Hush!" at this transgression of the market conventions.

"Nay, it's your piece, not mine," said Schofield, flustered by the lad's ingenuous appeal. "Still—yes, I reckon I should. You won't get any more from anybody else."

The tiresome part of this transaction was that it planted the lad on Schofield's shoulders for the rest of the day. Since they had to deliver their cloths to the same merchant, naturally the lad with the kersey followed Schofield to the appointed place, and Schofield found him still at his elbow when he dined at the Pack Horse Inn. What was all the more irritating, he copied everything Schofield did. He drank what Schofield drank, ate what Schofield ate, and tipped the serving-man the same number of coppers.

Perhaps feeling Schofield's glance rake him rather shrewdly at this last incident, the young man coloured and said, with an apologetic note in his loud drawl: "This is the first time I've ever been to market."

"I guessed that," said Schofield dryly. He was about to add: "Well, good-day to you," and turn on his heel, when his natural kindness overcame him and he said instead: "Come up wi' me and take a look at the new Cloth Hall, eh?"

The lad smiled with pleasure and followed him.

The great brick oval of the Cloth Hall, planned to provide with its inner axes a hundred stalls for the use of the cloth manufacturers, was growing fast week by week; its outer wall, windowless as a protection against fire and theft, was now complete, and the inner walls were beginning to rise from the ground and show their shape. Naturally the clothiers were keenly interested in its progress, the Annotsfield men pointing out its promised beauties to those from a distance with much local pride.

Among these Schofield saw a connection of his own, related through his mother, on the edge of a group of well-known manufacturers, all men of considerable substance from the Annotsfield hillsides.

"Well, Scofe!" called his uncle genially, "and what dost think of t'hall, eh?"

"It's grand," replied Schofield. "But——"

"But!" exclaimed his uncle. "Why, what fault have you to find with it, lad?"

Schofield perceived that all the men in the group had fallen silent and were gazing at him in frowning disapproval. But he was a Yorkshireman, so he replied firmly: "Passages are too narrow."

"Rubbish!" snorted his uncle.

"Pardon me, sir," said a dapper man in a tie wig, coming forward. "But I should like to hear the young man's objections more fully. It is not too late yet for amendments to be made."

"This is Sir John Resmond's agent, Scofe," explained his uncle.

"Pray proceed, sir," said the agent coldly.

"Well, if two men each carrying a piece of cloth met and tried to pass," began Schofield. He finished lamely: "They couldn't."

A GUFFAW from one of the manufacturers vexed him into action. He seized the kersey lad, struck his right arm akimbo as if carrying cloth and whirled him into place, his left arm brushing the passage wall; then, standing at his side facing him, brushing the other wall, he stuck out his own right arm as if carrying a piece of cloth on his shoulder. His contention was all too true; their elbows overlapped.

There was a pause. Then: "The lad's right," said Scofe's uncle with conviction.

"We must inform Sir John Resmond at once," said an old and wealthy manufacturer.

"This should have been thought of before, gentlemen," said the agent peevishly. "Sir John will not be pleased."

"Why not take the two lads with you, and a couple of pieces of cloth, and let them show him what we mean?" suggested the manufacturer who had laughed at Schofield.

This suggestion was generally approved, the agent appearing to welcome any idea which prevented himself from having to announce the defect in the building to Sir John Time, meeting-place, horses, the necessary loan of cloths and so on were arranged for the journey to Sir John's mansion of a suitable deputation.

"If these two young gentlemen will consent to accompany us and demonstrate the difficulty, we shall be grateful," said the oldest manufacturer. "I didn't catch your name, sir?"

"Schofield Priestley. I'll go."

"And you, Mr. Percival?"

"Delighted to oblige, sir," said the kersey lad, bowing.

"Uncle," said Schofield in a low tone. "It would be better not to send that lad, you know."

"Why ever not?" said his uncle, who seemed surprised.

"He's never been to market before, he knows nowt about cloth, he can't hardly pick up a piece without tumbling it all over the place."

"Aye! That may well be so, Scofe," said his uncle. "But you see, he's an Ormerod of Walt Royd."

"What, the son of Henry Ormerod?" said Schofield in astonishment, naming an extremely well-known and wealthy clothier, lately deceased, whose family had made cloth for generations on the other side of the river from Scape Scar.

"Aye. But his father's dead, you see. And they keep mortgaging their land. There's a rumour they've fallen on evil times. But Sir John knew old Henry well, so he'll likely take more notice of his son than of you, you see."

INDEED, Percival Ormerod seemed very much at home in Sir John Resmond's fine mansion; it was clear he had visited there before, for Sir John called him Percy and clapped him on the shoulder. But Schofield was not daunted. While all these courtesies were going on he stood modestly, but quite at his ease, in the background and looked round admiringly with his shrewd, bright eyes at the fine plaster ceilings, the elegant chairs, the gold-framed pictures, the delicate china, which ornamented the high room with its large, clear windows.

Far indeed from being daunted, he thought with pleasure to himself: *I'll have a house like this one day*. For surely his new cloth would bring him fame and fortune. He quite longed for tomorrow morning, when he could begin work on his beautiful figured Amens.

It would be difficult, of course. He would need help in the weaving. Could his young brother do the job? Or would it be better to employ a journeyman weaver? That would mean paying out money, which was not as yet very plentiful at High Fold. Schofield's father would turn in his grave at the thought of paying out to a weaver, and his mother, still alive and active, might have something to say about it likewise.

Well, that was for tomorrow; meanwhile, let him learn as much as he could from this present visit. The agent and young Percy were making terrible weather of explaining the matter of the passages, and Sir John sat flipping his thumbnails and looking cold and cross beneath his powdered hair.

"It was this young man's notion, sir," said the agent at last, stepping back and indicating Schofield with an air of shifting the blame.

"Well, sir," said Sir John with icy politeness. "Perhaps you will kindly explain the matter to me in simple terms, for at present I own I can make neither head nor tail of it."

Schofield stepped forward, set two chairs to indicate the passage walls, drew his little folding rule out of his pocket and arranged them at the exact distance from each other of the walls in the Cloth Hall. He then threw a piece of cloth

over Percy's shoulder, but the lad stumbled about at Schofield's push and so staggered under the weight of the piece that Schofield quite despaired of him and Sir John pursed his lips impatiently.

One of the deputation of clothiers solved the problem by stepping forward and taking the cloth on his own shoulder. As luck would have it—Schofield chuckled to himself—this man was a big, broad, burly fellow, who took up much more space than the lanky Percy. The moment Schofield threw the other piece over his own shoulder and faced him, Schofield's point was proved.

Sir John scowled. "This should have been thought of earlier," he said sternly to the agent, who meekly bowed. "However, it is not too late. Measure the two men as they stand now, and add a few inches for comfort. And now, gentlemen, a glass of wine before your homeward ride." He fixed Schofield with his cold grey eye and concluded: "I am obliged to you, Mr. Priestley."

"You're welcome," said Schofield.

Thus it happened that Schofield Priestley and Percival Ormerod took a long ride home together that night. The other members of the deputation returned to Annotsfield, but the two young men rode directly over the hill towards Walt Royd, which lay on the south side of the Ire Valley; Schofield could then ride up the valley and cross the river by the bridge at Garthwaite, so the route they took was the shortest for both.

The rain, which had held off during the afternoon, now came down heavily, and it would have been natural if they had ridden in silence. But they were both a trifle excited, a trifle out of themselves; Percy because of his first excursion to the market, and Schofield because of his new Amens pattern and his having distinguished himself in front of Sir John.

Accordingly Percy, garrulous by nature, prattled all the way home, and Schofield's replies were less short than they would have been on any other occasion.

"I am greatly obliged to you, Mr. Scofe," jerked out Percy breathlessly as he rose and fell in his saddle—*he doesn't even ride very well, silly lad,* thought Schofield—"for your infinite kindness to me today."

"My name isn't Scofe," said Schofield dryly, giving his correct appellation. It was the Amens and Sir John which caused him to add: "But you can call me Schofield if you've a mind."

Percy's effusive apologies lasted half a mile. Then he resumed his theme of gratitude; he was especially grateful to Schofield because he had no one to advise him—his father recently dead and he himself destined for the law, studying in London, obliged to return to the West Riding—no experience in the cloth trade—quite at sea—his mother and sisters dependent on his exertions. . . .

"But surely your father had a handsome estate?" objected Schofield.

Then the floodgates of Percy's troubles were opened, and he poured out such a tale of mismanagement, extravagance and misdirected ambition as appalled the sober Schofield, accustomed to prompt payments on a small scale. Mortgages, menservants, new carriages, sales of property, repairs, the repulses of his mother's family (landed gentry superior in social status to the Ormerods), lack of ready money, departure of weavers, the jilting of his elder sister by a cavalry captain—a sackful of disasters tumbled out higgledy-piggledy; it was impossible to make any sense of them, any

When he caught up with Sophia, Schofield turned his horse across her path. "And where are you off to?" he asked

coherent sequence of cause and effect. But one thing was certain in the hopeless confusion, and that was imminent ruin.

He's no friend for me. Luckily I don't like him, reflected the cautious Schofield, and he made up his mind to warn his younger brother against the Ormerods, just in case he ever came across them. *To lend this lad owt would be pouring water into a sieve.* His Yorkshire frame quite shuddered at the thought.

By this time the two horsemen were approaching Walt Royd, the back part of whose extensive premises lay near the main Ire Valley road. At the gate Percy drew rein. "Will you come in and sup with me, Mr. Priestley?"

It was an invitation whose tone forbade acceptance. Whether this lack of desire for Schofield's company sprang from a feeling that Schofield was insufficiently genteel for Walt Royd, or that the Walt Royd supper would be insufficient for Schofield, was doubtful, but Schofield judged the first to be the reason, and his answer was stiff.

"No, I thank you."

"Pray do, sir," said Percy—but again his tone was rather polite than warm.

Schofield was about to return an emphatic negative when there came an interruption. The back door of Walt Royd was flung open and a figure appeared there, holding shoulder-high a lantern.

"Is that you, Percy?" cried a voice. "Mother has been anxious. Why are you so late, bad boy?"

She was young; most delicately fair, with silky curls of very pale gold and a cheek like a rose-petal; slender but of exquisite shape—her arm holding up the lantern was the whitest, the roundest, the prettiest Schofield had ever seen. Her voice was warm and sweet and laughing, like herself.

"My younger sister, Sophia," explained Percy hastily.

Schofield looked at her. He put his head on one side admiringly and smiled. What a lovely little piece!

"Percy!" she called again in her sweet, lilting tones. "Haven't you the sense to come in out of the rain?"

She laughed. Her laughter was music. Schofield's heart turned over and he loved her.

YES, he thought, nodding to himself, he loved her. And in that moment Schofield, the Yorkshireman, decided that he would wed the lass, and nobody had better try to stop him.

Well! The way to her lay through Percy. . . .

"I'm coming, Sophy!" Percy was calling. He turned to Schofield and was just about to utter a conclusive farewell, when Schofield said strongly: "Stay!"

"Eh?" said Percy.

Schofield had spoken impulsively. Now he searched his mind desperately for some excuse to be properly introduced to the girl, for some way to gain a foothold in this house. Then the idea came. For a moment it appalled him. He found himself staring into Percy's weak, irritable face, weighing one great ambition with a newer and greater one. . . .

"Well, what is it?" Percy's voice was impatient.

"I can give you a cloth that will make your fortune," said Schofield.

"A cloth? How? Give?"

"I've invented a new design of surpassing beauty," exclaimed Schofield. (His voice trembled as he uttered these un-Yorkshire words, for in his mind they had another application, not concerning cloth.) "A figured Amens."

"I have heard of such cloths. Their name comes from the French city of Amiens, I believe, where they were first made," said Percy in his condescending drawl.

It was just like him, thought Schofield, to know this detail and yet be totally ignorant of the cloth itself. He said: "This cloth will sell at a high price."

"But do you not want it for yourself, Schofield?"

Eh, I've turned into Schofield now, thought Schofield sardonically. Aloud he said: "I can easily make other designs."

"Well! Come in—you must come in. We will speak of this further," said Percy.

This time his tone was warm and eager, and Schofield accepted the invitation. The two young men rode down to the door and dismounted.

"Oh!" exclaimed Sophia in surprise as a second young man emerged from the gloom.

"Sophia, this is my friend Mr. Schofield Priestley," said Percy, waving a complimentary hand.

"I'm afraid I'm a bit sodden like, Miss Sophia," stammered Schofield. "Rain's very wet."

"Any friend of my brother's, sir, is welcome," said Sophia, smiling at him very sweetly.

Thus did Schofield Priestley, the Yorkshireman, without any unseemly fuss—or, as he would have called it, "silly work"—give away his great idea for love.

To relate in detail all the incidents of the next months would certainly cause admiration for Schofield's tenacity, but would make excessive demands on the reader's textile knowledge.

It was certainly a difficult time for Schofield. On the one hand he was faced with Percy's laziness and ineptitude, the languid snobbery of his mother, the waspish hostility of his elder sister; on the other with the explosive outbursts of Schofield's own robustly sensible mother and the almost awestruck alarm of his young brother Ned as to the amount of time Schofield spent away from his own work down at Walt Royd. There was also Schofield's own fatigue—for of course he had to sit at his own loom far into the night, to make up for this wasted daylight.

And as if all this were not enough, the new design proved unexpectedly difficult to carry out, to translate from a mere idea into actual threads. He had engaged on Percy's behalf a weaver from his own side of the valley, a skilful and reliable man, Brigg by name, and he and Brigg spent hours at one of the Ormerod looms, experimenting with reeds and healds, while Percy strolling in and out asking foolish questions and Miss Maria (the lady jilted by the cavalry captain) could be heard inquiring whether "that man" would be staying to dinner again.

"He's a very good sort of man, dear," said Mrs. Ormerod in her languid drawl, "and if he's

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The young man bowed and eyed Schofield distastefully. "I'm delighted to make your acquaintance, sir," he said

BRITAIN PLUGS IN TO THE ATOM

by SIR JOHN COCKCROFT

Britain's senior atomic research director looks beyond Calder Hall, the first

It's a fight against time to bring atom-powered electricity to every home in the country. Calder Hall has beaten Russia and America—but not a moment too soon

ONLY just in time has atomic power been developed by Britain. Economists and statisticians estimate that at our present rate of progress electricity consumption will treble during the next twenty years. We shall need power stations with a total capacity increased from the current 20 million kilowatts to 60 million.

Without nuclear power, this would call for 100 million tons of coal yearly. Just supposing that we had the manpower to produce so much, we could not do it economically.

Not a moment too soon, our first atomic power station, Calder Hall, has started operating and a long-term nuclear power programme has swung into action. By 1957 atomic power stations will bridge a gap equivalent to 30 or 40 million tons of coal. They will have ensured that our standard of living will not decline, but will continue to improve.

The Queen formally opens Calder Hall, the world's first atomic power station, this week. By early next year, it will feed into the national grid 65,000 kilowatts. A twin station is being built alongside it. Together they will generate 150,000 kilowatts, enough for the domestic needs of a city of a million people.

But Calder Hall is not the best we can do in the way of power generation from nuclear energy. It is a dual purpose station, designed to produce not only electricity but plutonium for military purposes.

Next year private industry will start to build improved, more efficient power stations for the Central Electricity Authority. These will be the first of twelve to be completed by 1965. We feel confident that they will give double or even treble the power output of the prototype station at Calder Hall.

The increased efficiency will come firstly from improved methods of transferring the heat in the pile into electricity. About four-fifths of an atomic power station is conventional. At Calder Hall, as in any ordinary power station, steam drives turbo-generators. The difference is that the heat which turns the water to steam comes not from burning coal or oil but by splitting atoms in uranium. A nuclear power station has a reactor or pile instead of a furnace.

Calder Hall has two reactors. Each consists of a huge cylindrical mass of graphite blocks pierced by numerous vertical channels which contain rods of natural uranium fuel. Heat, generated by splitting some of the atoms in the fuel, is carried away by carbon dioxide circulated under pressure through the channels. The hot gas passes to heat-exchangers or boilers, where the heat turns water into the steam which drives the turbines.

To date, metallurgical reasons prevent us from running the atomic reactors at the high temperatures operating in coal furnaces: the present fuel rods would not stand the heat. We think that soon, however, we shall be able to raise the temperature within the reactors substantially and transfer more of the heat to the turbines.

Already, we know we can improve on Calder Hall. The pressure shells surrounding its reactors had to be built of two-inch thick steel. Now the engineers have overcome the problems of transporting and of handling and welding the steel plates on site so that they can use thicker, perhaps three-inch, steel in future. This will allow us to increase the pressure of the gas in the reactors, and therefore its temperature.

Progressively we hope to increase the amount of energy we can extract from each ton of fuel. We believe, although we have not yet proved the point, that in the early stations we will extract from one ton of uranium heat equivalent to that produced by about 10,000 tons of coal. In the early sixties, we hope to have multiplied that figure ten times by recycling the fuel in thermal reactors.

By the 1970s, we hope again to multiply the output tenfold with breeder reactors. By that time, each ton of uranium will be worth a million tons of coal. Theoretically, we could go on to equal three million tons if we could split all the atoms in the fuel.

AT first nuclear power will not be cheaper than power from coal. Currently, a nuclear station of the Calder Hall type costs between £15 million and £20 million, and the estimates show that it will produce electricity at 0.42-0.60 pence per kilowatt: this compares with 0.60 pence per kilowatt from the latest type of coal-burning station. Between 1965 and 1975, the cost of nuclear power will almost certainly fall below that of coal or oil.

These first British nuclear power stations are based on our previous experience of building and operating gas-cooled reactors. They are sturdy and completely safe: they use natural, not

atomic power station in the world. "Already," says Cockcroft, "we know we can improve on it"

enriched, uranium fuel and they cannot possibly blow up. Our experience in building and operating atomic plants has demonstrated that they present dangers to human life no greater than does any other industry. The record of reactor safety in this country is clean.

The main hazards in a nuclear power station result from the concentration of highly radio-active materials. But these are known dangers which we can guard against.

We keep careful records of the radiation to which every worker is exposed. These show that last year only twenty-nine out of more than seven thousand exposed employees received more than *half* of the permissible dose laid down by the International Commission on Radiological Protection.

The record of the Atomic Energy Authority's Industrial Group for accidents involving lost time has been well below the national average: 1.01 per 100,000 man hours in 1954-55, compared with the national figure of 1.61. We have had no accidents involving hazards peculiar to nuclear reactors. Protective devices prevent damage from breakdowns.

Shut-off rods, which absorb neutrons and prevent the atom-splitting reaction, fall into place if the reactor exceeds or fails to satisfy the predetermined operating conditions. The faults which would automatically stop the reactor include an excessive temperature of uranium, excessive nuclear activity, loss of cooling-gas pressure or flow, or loss of electrical power to the auxiliary equipment.

The development of nuclear energy on a bigger scale will result in the production of large quantities of radio-active fission by-products. At present we regard these surplus products from the nuclear reaction as a nuisance because they have to be stored for long periods before becoming harmless.

Research has shown, however, that radiation from these products will soon have considerable value in industry, medicine and chemistry. Rubbers and plastics withstand higher temperatures when treated by radiation. Processed fission products will be used to sterilize antibiotics and perhaps food.

A most promising field of application of reactor by-products is in insect and pest control. Successful large-scale experiments have been conducted on rendering males of crop-infesting insects infertile by doses of gamma radiation. Joint studies by the Forest Products Research Laboratory and the Atomic Energy Authority have shown that the life of insects infecting wood can be markedly shortened and their ability to lay fertile eggs prevented by doses of radiation. Atomic energy by-products may soon be helping to preserve historic timber and valuable furniture.

THE desperate need for a new form of power generation to meet our industrial and domestic requirements has overshadowed the development of nuclear-driven transport in this country. The best-known achievement in this field is the American atomic submarine.

At present it appears that nuclear propulsion systems in ships would cost about ten times more than current engines to run. By the time our large-scale breeder reactors reach full operation in the late 1970s, the cost of nuclear fuel for ships should be competing with the cost of diesel oil. Meanwhile, engineers will have to solve the problems and potential hazards which may arise from leaks of radio-activity in the confined quarters of a ship. I do not predict a rapid development of commercial nuclear propulsion.

Some people, I am told, find it hard to understand why it "has taken so long to introduce atomic power." I do not agree that it has taken a long time. When the postwar programme began in 1946, the entire atomic energy organization consisted of a very small department in the Ministry of Supply. Unlike its American counterpart, it had no large-scale design or operating experience to draw on.

The rate of growth of the programme has been phenomenal. It must be remembered that it takes three to four years to build a nuclear power station: in fact, from the moment when it is decided to adopt a particular design until the station first comes into operation there is usually an interval of ten years. The commercial development of atomic energy compares very favourably with that of electrical power, which took the best part of a hundred years.

It is worth repeating, I think, that Calder Hall is the first commercial scale nuclear power station to operate in the world. The U.S.A.'s first station, at Shippingport, will not start working until early next spring. Its output will be slightly below that of Calder Hall. Russia plans to build five experimental stations between now and 1960.

What are the chances of harnessing power from controlled hydrogen bomb reactions? To make this fusion reaction possible, the nuclear fuel must be brought to a temperature of about a hundred million degrees centigrade.

We have to solve two main problems: first, how to bring a mixture of the light elements (such as hydrogen) to this very high yet controlled temperature; second, how to maintain this temperature long enough for the energy released in nuclear fusion to be greater than that required to heat the fuel. I think that eventually this thermo-nuclear power is going to be a success.

I also think that the speed of development in nuclear power will be so rapid in the next few years that the 1970 power station will look as different from Calder Hall as the modern motor-car differs from the Model T Ford. THE END

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Stop at the shop that has POPPETS
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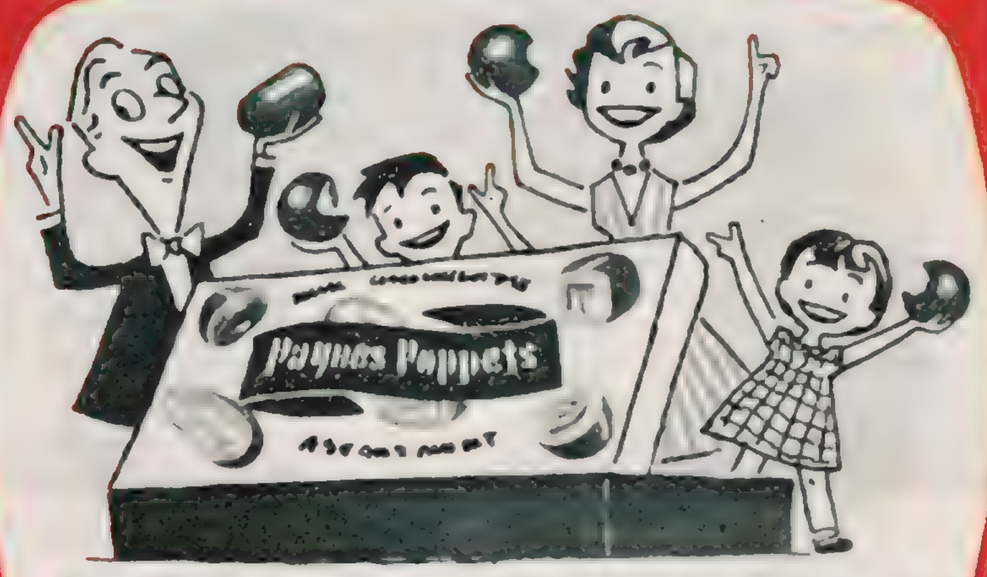

Say 'I've got a nutty one!' 'I've got a creamy one!'
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SO HURRY TO THE POPPET SHOP!

16 different surprise centres with extras in the NEW packet of POPPETS

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NUT ASSORTMENT, BRAZIL NUTS,
GINGER, AND WHOLE CHERRIES.

Toff-etts are delicious too-and only 6d a packet!

Captain Pugh's clockwork fleet

by HILARY AGATE

In all weathers, twenty-four hours a day, his ferries beat the treacherous Mersey currents to run to time

George Pugh, left, looks across the estuary from the bridge of the Egremont. Before leaving for Seacombe he watches a rush-hour crowd come aboard at Liverpool

EARLY one spring morning a north-west gale howled across the Mersey estuary. Fifteen-foot waves pounded the 812-ton ferry steamer Marlowe as Captain George Pugh swung the vessel round into the racing ebb tide to bring her alongside the floating landing stage, at Seacombe, Wallasey. The three hundred passengers crossing from Liverpool could scarcely remain on their feet.

On the bridge, Pugh skilfully checked the vessel's wild movement, but deckhands took longer than usual to get mooring lines ashore. Finally the gangway was lowered, passengers streamed off, and a further 1,200—business men, labourers, clerks, typists going to work in Liverpool—came aboard.

At once the departure bell rang, and a bowler-hatted business man on the pitching deck pulled out his watch. "You're a minute late," he bellowed through the gale to Pugh on the bridge above. "In a way," says Pugh, "it was a back-handed compliment. Passengers expect us to run to time whatever the weather. But we can't always manage it to the minute."

Pugh, a lean, weather-tanned Merseysider, and his nine fellow captains carry 17 million passengers a year on business and pleasure across the treacherous one-mile strip of water separating Wallasey from Liverpool. At fifty-seven, after forty-two years' service with Wallasey Corporation Ferries, he is commodore of a fleet of seven vessels which are among the most heavily used in the world.

He helps to maintain a twenty-four-hour service and crosses the Mersey between Liverpool, Seacombe and New Brighton about thirty times a day. The larger boats carry a crew of ten and up to two thousand passengers. On one busy Sunday Pugh's ferry alone carried 28,000 passengers in eight hours.

"After over 300,000 crossings, I have developed a healthy respect for the dangers of this current-ridden estuary," says Pugh, "especially when the weather is bad." The Seacombe-Liverpool trip is scheduled to take ten minutes, but before the ferry undertaking opened its own radar station in 1947 it sometimes took four times as long in foggy weather.

During storms, which have torn away ferry landing stages from their moorings and snapped thick steel booms, Wallasey boats have been in several minor collisions with the ferries of the complementary Birkenhead undertaking at the Liverpool stage, but there has been no major accident since the last century. "We have to work especially fast in bad weather," says Pugh, "and to do that the crews must have complete faith in each other's teamwork."

Pugh believes in interfering with the work of his crew as little as possible, and helps all hands to gain experience by giving them a turn at the wheel. Once a Royal Navy captain asked

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JOHN BULL PHOTOGRAPHS BY ARTHUR WHITTINGTON

THE ONE THAT GOT AWAY (3) by KENDAL BURT and JAMES LEASOR

Von Werra tunnels to fool the British

He was digging an escape route right under the sentries' feet. Soon he would be free again, with a forged identity disc, four shillings in his pocket—and plenty of bluff

The figures approached slowly through the mist. They were bound to see him

ILLUSTRATION BY LAURENT

Swanwick prison camp—now a conference centre. The Germans dug a tunnel from the Garden House, the two-wing building in the centre. Right: the stone-covered opening (in foreground) to the underground tank where prisoners dumped earth from the tunnel

WITHIN a few days of his arrival at Swanwick prison camp, von Werra decided, after examining the various possibilities and discussing them with a few other prisoners, that if he was to escape at all, it would have to be through a tunnel excavated from a room in the north wing of the Garden House, the building which housed the prisoners.

He was determined to get away as soon as possible, and that determination had not been weakened by a warning from Major Fanelsa, the prisoners' leader at the camp, to give up the idea of escaping for some time.

Fanelsa had known him at Grizedale Hall, in the Lake District, where von Werra, a Luftwaffe fighter pilot, was taken after being shot down over England. Von Werra had escaped from Grizedale and been free for five days. After his recapture he was sent to Swanwick.

Now—unknown to Major Fanelsa—von Werra and his friend Leutnant Wagner called a meeting of carefully selected prisoners, all of them Luftwaffe men, for the purpose of founding the *Swanwick Tiefbau A.G.* (Swanwick Tunnel Co.). Major Heinz Cramer, one of the most experienced pilots in the camp, was elected chairman.

It was proposed to begin the tunnel from an unused room near von Werra's in the north wing. It would lead under the two security fences and the lane in between them, and emerge in a small triangular patch of waste ground on which there were a few trees and bushes for cover. It would pass only a few feet from the base of the watch tower at the north-east corner of the Garden House, and the exit would be only about fifteen yards from the tower.

There was one serious drawback to this exit: immediately after leaving by it, escapers would have to pass close to a farmhouse and several outbuildings. But the risk of encountering people or dogs was one that would have to be taken.

Disposal of earth was a problem. There would be far too much from a tunnel fourteen yards long to get rid of down the lavatories.

Von Werra and his associates racked their brains to find a solution. Then one day Leutnant Walter Manhard—the Manhard who had scratched a defiant message on the windowsill of Room 13 at London District Cage, where captured Germans were first interrogated—an ex-heavyweight boxer, bursting with vitality and brute strength, who was always disconsolately looking for some outlet for his energy, spotted a large stone slab on the edge of the lawn in front of the Garden House. He decided to do a little weight-lifting. He gripped the stone and tried to lift it bodily. It did not move. This only made him wild, and he tried again. The stone tilted sideways. What he saw underneath made his jaw drop. He let the slab down gently and went rushing off into the house shouting excitedly for von Werra.

Underneath the stone was a circular hole two feet in diameter. About six feet down there was water. At first it was thought to be a well, but when it was examined with the aid of several flower canes "borrowed" from the out-of-bounds potting shed and fitted together like a fishing rod, it was found to be a huge underground tank used to store rainwater from the roof of the Garden House. It was big enough to take all the earth from a tunnel double the length of the one proposed.

Major Willibald Fanelsa, the senior German officer at Swanwick prison camp, with whom von Werra quarrelled

Having solved the problem of disposal, von Werra and the board of the "Tunnel Company" worked out the plan in detail.

The tunnel was to be constructed as simply and quickly as possible. The roof and sides would be shored up only where necessary; otherwise the tunnel was to be a "rabbit hole" just large enough for the man with the broadest shoulders (Manhard) to crawl through it.

The excavation was to be done by von Werra and a prisoner called Malischewski, working in turns. The earth would be carried away in fire buckets borrowed from the entrance hall. Manhard and Wagner would carry them from the room in the north wing along the corridor to the front door. There they would be taken over by two more men, Major Cramer and another officer, Oberleutnant Wilhelm, who, when given a signal that the coast was clear, would carry them on to the lawn and empty them into the underground reservoir. Another prisoner would be standing by to lift the stone as the carriers approached.

BRITISH personnel were not normally in the Garden House except during the morning inspection and second roll-call between nine thirty and ten thirty, and during the evening inspection and final roll-call at 8 p.m. After the final roll-call the prisoners were locked into the building and a guard patrolled outside.

There were roll-calls in the mess hall in the main building before breakfast at 8 a.m. and again before tea at five o'clock, but there was none at lunchtime. By missing the midday meal, therefore, von Werra and Malischewski could work on the tunnel from about ten thirty until four thirty.

A German look-out posted in the room above the entrance could keep the path under close observation.

Look-outs would also be posted in the corner rooms on the first floor at either end of the building. Their duty would be to watch the guards in the nearby towers, which were level with the first-floor windows. This was especially important in the case of the tower at the northern end, as the tunnel would pass under the lane only a few feet from its base, and the diggers would have to be warned to stop work immediately the guards showed any signs of having heard sounds they were unable to account

TONIGHT

you must sleep like a child

TONIGHT you must sleep deep, your mind surrendering to peace and tranquillity as your body rests. Tonight, Horlicks for you.

TONIGHT you must sleep warm. Cold sleep is uneasy sleep. Warm sleep restores and comforts. Tonight, Horlicks for you.

TONIGHT you must sleep like a child. Children know the secret of easy rest and you can find it again. Tonight, Horlicks for you.

TONIGHT you must sleep unaware of the night sounds that disturb shallow sleep. You'll wake revived when others are dozing and listless. For shallow sleep saps strength, but deep sleep feeds energy. Tonight, Horlicks for you.

TONIGHT HORLICKS FOR YOU

for. Other men would be posted along the corridors, and at the foot and head of the stairs, to pass verbal signals.

Three warning signals were decided upon. In order not to arouse the suspicions of the guards, the names of actual prisoners were to be shouted. If one of the look-outs called, "Oberleutnant Deike!" it meant that the digger should stop work, but that there was no immediate danger. "Leutnant Manhard!" meant "Danger approaching—close and camouflage entrance to tunnel—diversion crews move into positions and stand by!" If the call was for "Leutnant Wagner!" danger was imminent and the diversion crews would go into action. The principal diversion laid on was a free-for-all fight on the path leading to the Garden House.

The room in which the tunnel was to be started was kept locked. However, the British had provided "Vati" Schneider, who was in charge of the prisoners' shop, with a pass key as he used the room as a store. From this key von Werra made a duplicate, using a nail file and a butcher's saw "borrowed" from the camp kitchen.

The tunnel was started on November 17, 1940. The "work-room" was tiny and contained only a single bed, a locker and a chair. There was a space of about a yard between the end of the bed and the outside wall. In this corner stood the locker, and, at the side of it, a wooden blackout shutter for the window. The locker was moved out of the way and von Werra started work, using a crowbar and chisel fashioned by prisoners. Malischewski kept watch at the window.

The floor was of oblong pinewood blocks laid in herringbone fashion. It took some time to remove the first block as great care had to be taken not to split or mark its top side. After the first block was removed, von Werra was able to lever the others up easily.

FOR the initial operation there was a third man in the room—a prisoner who was an amateur carpenter. The previous day he had obtained the blackout shutters from two empty rooms. He took them to pieces carefully and straightened and soaped the nails. Using the best battens from both shutters, he made a cover for the tunnel about two feet six inches square. As von Werra pulled up the pine blocks, the carpenter reassembled them on top of the lid in their original positions, nailing them firm from the underside, and cutting off the overlapping parts of the lid to correspond with the serrated edges made by the herring-bone pattern. A square frame made from an old fence post was fixed into position round the underside of the hole for the cover to rest on. The cover fitted over it perfectly.

Fitted with short handles, the scoops provided by the War Office for tackling incendiary bombs proved to be ideal tunnelling tools. By the time work ceased at the end of the first day the shaft had been sunk three feet. The crowbar was then firmly wedged between the side of the hole and the underside of the cover, so that it did not sound quite so hollow when trodden on. The locker was moved back into its proper place—on top of the cover. The floor was cleaned and the room made normal. But it smelled dank owing to the soil that had been shifted. A prisoner coming in from outdoors said that even the corridor outside the room smelled like a freshly ploughed field. Thereafter, the window was opened a little way during working hours.

The next morning after breakfast von Werra was summoned by Major Fanelsa.

The major was naturally furious. The first he had heard about the tunnel was when the "house officer" had reported to him the night before.

Why had von Werra gone ahead without submitting his plans for approval? He was undermining the major's authority, acting in a manner prejudicial to good order and discipline, etc., etc. This was a prison camp for German officers, not an anarchists' club.

"Who's in this crack-brained undertaking besides you?" Fanelsa asked.

Von Werra gave the names of the tunnel team, and of others who were helping indirectly.

Fanelsa was horrified. He saw himself with a mutiny on his hands.

"Oh, yes," von Werra added innocently, "I forgot to mention that Major Cramer is on the tunnel team."

"Major Cramer? You mean he's actually *working* on the tunnel?"

"That's right, sir."

"Why on earth didn't he tell me about it?"

"He said he wanted to, sir, but each time he's tried to find you, you've been busy. He said he would report to you as soon as your official duties made it possible."

"I see. In what way is Major Cramer helping?"

"He's carrying the buckets of earth, sir, and dumping them in the tank under the lawn."

Von Werra had no more trouble with Major Willibald Fanelsa for the time being.

As the days went by, the tunnel diggers ran into one difficulty after another. To minimize the risk of the guards in the nearby tower hearing sounds of the digging, von Werra had intended to sink the entrance shaft at least ten feet before beginning the tunnel proper. But when they got down about six feet, the earth became wet. When they opened up the next morning there was a foot of water in the bottom.

There was nothing they could do but close down again and wait until the next morning to see if the water level rose still higher. But instead of rising it subsided a little.

"There's only one thing for it," said von Werra. "We shall have to start the tunnel just above water level."

But Malischewski had had enough—he had become increasingly nervous. He said the tunnel couldn't possibly be started at less than ten feet as the guards were bound to hear the sounds of digging otherwise. He dropped out of the scheme altogether.

Manhard took his place digging with the utmost gusto. He worked like one possessed and achieved prodigies of labour with which even von Werra could not compete. From the most disconsolate he became the happiest man in the camp.

Meanwhile, some of the other members of the "Tunnel Company" had been working on the problem of lighting the tunnel. The wiring of a disused electric bell system was stripped from the top floor. From the odd pieces of wire obtained, two three-ply leads were plaited almost the estimated length of the tunnel. The wire was old and the insulation doubtful. To give extra protection, the two leads were lapped with strips of canvas cut from a kit bag.

When the inspection light was finished it was quite a professional job. A hanging electric-light socket was stolen from one of the empty rooms for the lamp, which was fitted with a handle, the bulb itself being protected by a jam jar. The other end of the lead was fitted into the ceiling light of the "work-room," the bayonet-fitting adaptor being made from the base of a light bulb. In time, the insulation of the leads was affected by the dampness of the tunnel. This became a source of constant trouble and danger, and both Manhard and von Werra received bad shocks.

WHEN they had excavated the tunnel a few yards the diggers began to find large pieces of sandstone. Von Werra tackled the first one with the crowbar. Just then the German look-out in the corner room by the nearest watch tower gave the preliminary warning signal, which was passed from one man to another along the corridor, down the stairs and to the "work-room," where Manhard transmitted it to von Werra by switching the light on and off in long dashes. Directly afterwards the second warning was given, and Manhard switched the light on and off rapidly.

Von Werra was out of the tunnel, the lead disconnected from the ceiling light and dropped down the shaft, and the trap door closed within a matter of seconds. Then they realized that their hurry was futile. If any British staff came into the room, having closed the tunnel entrance would make little difference. Von Werra was dressed only in filthy trunks with rags wrapped round his raw knees and elbows. He was grimed

Continued on page 49

A thrilling real-life story of the circus

I prefer Lions

by PATRICIA BOURNE

SHE has been attacked and slashed by angry lions, she has seen them fight to the death in front of her. And always Patricia Bourne has gone fearlessly back into their cage—"They are my friends," she says. . . . Here are the thrilling, frightening adventures of a quiet, attractive English girl who became one of the world's most famous lion tamers, and whose act was acclaimed throughout Europe. She tells her own story, alive with the colour and brilliance of the circus, in a fascinating new series which begins . . .

IN JOHN BULL NEXT WEEK

Patricia Bourne and Belmonte

To David's surprise, Crump saluted. But they needed to put on a show. David returned the salute with gravity and ceremony. "Any news?" he asked

THE TRIBE THAT LOST ITS HEAD

by NICHOLAS MONSARRAT

ILLUSTRATED BY K. J. PETTS

This meeting called by the governor could be Pharamaul's last chance to avoid mass murder. And the rendezvous was deserted

On the island of Pharamaul events were moving towards a crisis. The natives—sullen and restless since their young chieftain-elect, Dinamaula, just back from Oxford, announced that he would like to marry a white girl—began to riot. And the violence was spreading hourly. . . .

Andrew Macmillan, the resident commissioner in Gamate, knew from long experience of the Maulas how dangerous the situation was. In a telephone conversation with the island's governor, Sir Elliott Vere-Toombs, he asked for permission to send Dinamaula out of Gamate. The young chief, passive himself, was a centre round which the trouble swirled.

Sir Elliott agreed immediately—and Dinamaula was escorted from the strife-racked town and taken to Port Victoria, the island's capital. It was a manoeuvre that provided fresh ammunition for the many press correspondents busily sniping at the authorities for bungling. And for Puero, one of the three regents now governing the tribe, it was a chance to fan further the flames of revolt. . . .

Puero, a man named Zuva Katsaula and Gotwela, chief of the barbarous U-Maulas, belonged to the Sons of the Fish—an underground society dedicated to overthrowing white rule.

For most of the governor's staff it was a difficult time—but young David Bracken and Nicole Steuart, the governor's secretary, were happy. They had fallen in love. . . .

In England the Pharamaul Affair was making headlines. Between the Scheduled Territories Office in London and Sir Elliott's secretariat there was now a constant flow of cables. . . .

PART FIVE

Gamate Goes Berserk

The Governor and Commander-in-Chief of Pharamaul was briefing his staff, at the beginning of what might well be a new and critical phase in the affairs of Pharamaul.

"Everyone comfortable?" asked Sir Elliott, looking round him. "Let's make a start, then. I've asked you all to come along because I want us all to be up to date about what's going on in Gamate. Not much good not knowing what's going on, what? We don't want to get the wires crossed."

He cleared his throat. "Some of you," he began again, "will have seen the telegrams we've had, containing excerpts from the London press, dealing with what's going on in Gamate. They are highly critical, most of them—unfair, of course—and—er—highly critical. . . . This is the sort of thing. His voice rising several tones higher, he read from a selection of headlines contained in one of the previous night's telegrams. "'Chief Spirited Away from Gamate.' 'Dinamaula Hi-Jacked, Leaves Under Protest.'

"The Secretary of State is naturally disturbed," went on the governor, reasonably, "though I hope to be able to reassure him. . . . The facts are, of course, that Dinamaula wasn't 'spirited away,' or any nonsense like that. He was invited to come here for talks with me. In view of the disturbances in Gamate, that was entirely justified. . . . I saw Dinamaula yesterday, as you know, and he was very uncco-operative. I hoped that he would play, but he won't play. Not at the moment, anyway."

Play, thought Nicole Steuart. *Now there's a funny word.* . . . She had a sudden, irreverent vision of Dinamaula, in a loin-cloth playing leapfrog with Sir Elliott Vere-Toombs, in a cocked hat and spurs.

"Dinamaula won't play at all," repeated the governor. "I can't understand what's got into him. . . . You know the background, of course. He's been talking a lot of guff about reforms

Continued on page 41

"The *aboura* in Gamate was a hell of a flop," said Zuva. The news confirmed Dinamaula's worst fears

The Pollard family once lived at Ryde, Isle of Wight. Now they are Australians and live in Pymble, a suburb of Sydney

New lives down under

Thousands of people fall under Australia's romantic spell. Colin Hendy tempers its magic with reality

by PETER MICHELMORE

COLIN HENDY, an officer appointed by the Australian Government to select British migrants for Australia, was preparing to leave his temporary interviewing office at Camelford, in Cornwall, late one afternoon last year when he heard a motor-cycle clatter to a halt outside.

A young couple, their cheeks flushed by the chill March air, came and told Hendy of their desire to migrate. The man, a farm worker, hesitantly added that they had four children.

"That's fine," said Hendy. "Australia wants farm workers and it wants children. I'd like to see them." The Australian travelled the ten miles to a desolate farm cottage on the pillion seat of the old motor-cycle, with the Englishman driving and his wife in the sidecar.

"I met the children over tea," says Hendy. "Then I hitched a ride back to Camelford. It was well worth it. They were a fine young family and they made ideal migrants."

Colin Hendy, thirty-five years old, tall and weather-tanned, finished a steady fifteen months of travelling around Britain on campaigns to recruit migrants in Cornwall. His next assignment was to answer questions at the Australian migration stand at the Ideal Home Exhibition, at Olympia. During a slack period one day, three pretty Birmingham girls, who were demonstrating the art of chocolate-making on a stand opposite, came over to introduce themselves to the Australian.

"We became good friends," he says. "I picked up a little about making chocolate biscuits, but they learned a great deal about Australia. I had a letter from the girls a few weeks ago. One is now a receptionist at Melbourne Airport and the other two are dental nurses in Melbourne."

Hendy's flair for recruiting good migrants earned him promotion to senior migration officer shortly after this, and he now spends all his time at Australia House, in charge of the eighteen interviewing and selection officers now travelling around Britain to encourage migrants.

Men are chosen for the selection job in Australia and all must have a thorough knowledge of their native country. Most are family men in their thirties who spend a maximum of five years in Britain before returning home. They move constantly about Britain, interviewing people from Inverness to Penzance. Big cities like Glasgow, Belfast and Manchester are covered every three months and the two officers who sit at the local employment exchanges see up to one thousand people in a two-week period. Smaller towns are visited every six months.

Since the last war, these officers have helped to promote the migration of more than 500,000 British people to Australia—half the total intake of all migrants to a young country in which every ninth person is a postwar arrival. About 1,300,000 Britons have left their country as migrants since 1947. Australia has received about 100,000 more than any other country.

At present, five hundred Britons leave Tilbury

With his chief, Robert Armstrong, Hendy (right) watches as a would-be immigrant is interviewed at Australia House, London

or Southampton each week for the four-week sea voyage to Australia, and a new life. Most go under the assisted passages scheme, which cuts the fare cost for a minimum £100 sea trip to £10 for each adult, £5 for teenagers over fourteen, children free. A North Cheam, Surrey, family of three adults recently migrated at a cost of £30 to themselves. They insisted on taking their pet cat. His fare, which included special ship-board food and accommodation and a fee for a period in quarantine on arrival, was £25.

Colin Hendy does not encourage people to think too much about the more romantic side of Australian life that is emphasized in fiction.

"Homesickness is a common worry of newly arrived migrant wives in Australia," he says. "We want people to realize that they must face and overcome this. Another thing is that the average Australian, while friendly underneath, is more rough and ready than the average Briton. People are more courteous in this country."

All migrants must have accommodation guaranteed before they leave for Australia. This is provided either by individual sponsors, the Australian Government or State governments.

Most sponsors are Britons who want their relatives and friends to join them or firms who need skilled tradesmen to work in their factories. Government sponsorships are usually for tradesmen or other experienced workers with young families. Early accommodation for family groups is provided in hostels.

The discomfort of hostel life is far less now than it was five years ago. A greater proportion of migrants returned home then, and most Australians felt they had good reason. In 1951, the great ocean exodus of Britons to Australia filled the temporary hostels to capacity. Many complained that hostel accommodation meant windowless cubicles, crowded bathrooms and inferior meals. When the government increased hostel rents, many refused to pay.

One visitor to the migration inquiry counter at Australia House, Franz Stampfl, politely refused the offer of current literature about Australian conditions. "I know much about your country," he said. "I was interned there for five years during the war." Vienna-born Stampfl, the athletics coach who helped Roger Bannister train for the four-minute mile, was this time accepted as a resident.

People do not always have an easy task to get themselves selected as migrants. In January, 1954, a Loughborough spray painter, Herbert Smith, decided to migrate with his wife and eight children. Australia House reluctantly refused his application because hostel accommodation was restricted to smaller families, and Smith did not have a sponsor.

In the next two years, Smith wrote three hundred letters to firms, organizations, newspapers and individuals in Australia. He offered to work eighty hours a week, to work in a mine, to leave at a day's notice if required. He threatened to migrate to Canada if Australia did not want him. Smith's wife had two more children, making ten. Finally, Australia's Chief Migration Officer in London, Robert Armstrong, wrote to Canberra: "If some special measures could be taken . . . Australia would gain ten healthy children."

Last spring, the Smiths paid their £30 passage money and sailed for a hostel in Melbourne. A few weeks ago, Smith's new foreman wrote to London: "I wish we had another half-dozen spray painters like this fellow."

HENDY and the other officers say they are approached about migration prospects wherever they go. Even Robert Armstrong is not immune. One day he arrived at his home near Bromley, in Kent, to find the local meat delivery boy waiting to see him. The boy, who had read everything he could about Australia but had no idea how to get there, was excited when he discovered that Australia's chief migration officer was on his round. Armstrong talked to the boy for an hour and later arranged for a Queensland grazier to sponsor him. Now the boy is working on a sheep station.

Kevin McCaffrey, who has just completed five years' service in Britain as a selection officer, once spent a whole evening in a Coleraine (Northern Ireland) hotel persuading a family to migrate to Australia. The man worked in his father's florist shop for £6 a week and knew that if he left his father would cut him off without a penny. One son of the family was already in Australia and his encouragement, added to McCaffrey's advice, soon decided them to go.

"They are now living at Glenroy, near Melbourne," says McCaffrey. "The florist is a partner in a building firm and one son is assistant sales manager to a company. They have nominated two other families for migration, including the wife's brother, who was a detective sergeant at Scotland Yard."

Australian selection officers are not popular everywhere. One wintry morning this year in Edinburgh, McCaffrey received a parcel addressed to the Australian Immigration Officer. Inside, he found a delicious-looking steak pie and the note: "No Scots for export. Go home—alone." It was signed: "The Scottish Resistance." A newspaper had already been tipped off by an anonymous telephone caller that a poisoned pie would be sent to "an enemy of Scotland." Reporters deduced that this meant the Australians, and alerted the police, who took the pie for analysis. It proved to be harmless.

Scots have proved themselves ideal migrants. Queensland's Mount Isa Mines, Ltd., which prides itself on its pipe band, asked officers to find ten Scottish workmen who were expert with the bagpipes. Applicants were taken at their word, but when the ten men arrived at Mount Isa this year the band-leader was delighted with the selection.

Hendy, who lives with his wife and two young children at Shirley, in Surrey, was born and raised at the Sydney suburb of Bondi, which has one of the most famous surf beaches in the world. He is an expert surf man and has captained Australian champion teams.

He never misses an opportunity to recruit a migrant. A mechanic who came to fix Hendy's television set one day casually mentioned that he had been thinking of going to Australia. Hendy thought of the need for such men in Sydney and Melbourne, where television stations have just opened, and escorted the mechanic and his family to an Australia House film evening.

A few weeks later Hendy was in his office when he got a telephone call from one of the selection officers in Australia House. "You'll have to find someone else to repair your television set next time," he said. "Your regular mechanic is off to Australia. A radio firm in Sydney has guaranteed him a job and a house."

THE END

Talking it over with selection officer John Shannon (seated) and Hendy. Mr. and Mrs. Ashdown leave Britain next Monday

In Australia, Miss Ann McKenzie, a Scot, is a national fitness instructor. Scots are ideal migrants, but some of her compatriots insist on "No Scots for export"

Five sisters of the Wood family of ten, who left their native Britain five years ago. Their father is now a farmer

Out of the dark

by W. L. HEATH

ILLUSTRATED BY WILL NICKLESS

If only he could shoot just one more duck . . . it would make his blindness bearable

IT was 4.15 a.m. when they stopped for Prater. Bert didn't know Prater and he was disappointed that Charley had asked him along. He had hoped there would be just the two of them, like it used to be—or, at least, as nearly like it used to be as possible. But, since he was Charley's guest, he had felt obliged to keep his feelings to himself. After all, it was nice enough that Charley was taking *him* along.

Charley tapped the horn once, very lightly, so as not to wake the sleeping neighbourhood. Presently a door opened and closed, and Bert heard the sound of heavy shoes striking the pavement. He heard the right-hand door open, felt the cold air wash in about his neck, and heard the ringing "clink" of a gun barrel against the side of the car.

"'Morning, boys," Prater said. "Hope I didn't keep you waiting."

"No, you're on time for once," Charley said. "Prater, I want you to meet an old friend of mine, Bert Lawton. Bert, this is Jim Prater."

"How do you do," Prater said.

"Glad to meet you, Prater." Bert extended his hand over the back of the seat and felt it energetically seized by large, warm fingers.

"Bert lost the sight of both eyes in an accident last year," Charley explained.

"Oh, what tough luck!" Prater said with blunt, surprised sympathy.

Charley put the car in gear. "Yes, he's going along to get the feel of it again."

"Well, that's fine," Prater said, his tone indicating that he admired a blind man who would do that sort of thing. "What happened to you, Mr. Lawton?—or perhaps you don't like to talk about it."

"Car accident. Damage to the optic nerves." In ten months he had reduced that little speech to the fewest possible words. To change the subject, he turned towards Charley and said: "Where are we going?"

"As it's late in the season, I thought Mud Creek would be the best bet."

Prater leaned forward. "You see, there's plenty of water up there, and it's shallow, Bert. Lots of stumps."

"I know what it's like up there," Bert said irritably. "I've probably hunted it more than you have, Prater."

Charley laughed, trying to smooth it out. "You may not know it, but you're talking to a real wild-fowler, Prater. Bert and I have probably shot more ducks together than you've ever seen."

Prater was lighting a cigarette now. "Well," he said pleasantly, "I didn't know I was going out with professionals."

Don't be so generous, Bert thought bitterly. He had been prepared from the start to dislike Prater; now he had reason. Prater was going to be kind to him, sympathetic and solicitous, an attitude Bert hadn't yet learned to tolerate. He could visualize the man now; he ran nearly to type.

A big fellow, hale and hearty, expansive, loud-mouthed but well-meaning, blunt-mannered but soft-hearted. The sort of man you couldn't insult because his skull was too thick.

"Is it getting light yet?" Bert said, to interrupt an unpleasant train of thought.

Prater answered. "No, not yet. We're still using the headlights. I'll let you know when it starts to get light."

"You needn't bother," Bert said. Yes, Prater was going to spoil the whole thing. That was clear.

BERT was lost for a while, but when the car turned on to a gravel road, he knew where he was again.

"Charley, do you remember the last time we came up here to hunt?"

"I certainly do, Bert. Year before last."

"We got into a mess of scaups and killed three over our limit, remember? That's the only time in my life I ever went over a bag limit."

"Bert here used to really knock them down, Prater," Charley said. "I saw him shoot the

"You got one! You got one, Bert!" Prater shouted. But somehow, as he lowered the gun, Bert knew he had missed

cleanest brace a man ever shot. Remember, Bert?"

Yes, he remembered. He'd shot that brace a hundred times in his mind's eye since the accident—five pintails coming down the wind like a quiver of shot arrows; him standing there knee-deep. He'd just raised his arms—bang, bang—one, two, down they came. The second one had hit the water still flying, skidding and tumbling over the surface of the water two hundred yards from where he was hit. Yes, he remembered that brace all right. It was his last.

The car was going over some rough road now. In a moment it would stop with the lights falling on a sagging cattle-gate. Bert's pulse quickened as it occurred to him to ask if he might open that gate. He could do it; in his memory he could see it as clearly as he had ever seen it with his eyes.

But then his nerve faltered. Prater would be certain to object. "You might stumble over something," he'd say. "Better let me do it." So he suppressed the impulse and sat in silence as the car stopped and Prater jumped out to open the gate.

He heard the clanking of the chain and the soft scudding sound the corner made scraping across the ground as Prater swung it back. Then the car went forward a few feet, stopped and Prater got in again.

They were almost there now. The lake lay directly ahead of them, but it would still be too dark to see it. You had to smell it to know it was there.

The car stopped, and Bert unwound the window on his side. There it was, the cold, brackish smell of the water, the old familiar excitement tightening up his chest.

It was hard to believe that the blackness pressing against his eyes was not only the night. It was temptingly easy to watch that blackness for a ray of light, to see the night sky fading into frail dawn, and beneath it a cold expanse of water like an enormous sheet of hammered tin. And finally, the ultimate, heart-stopping sight of the strong birds flying, hurtling out from the dark silhouette of horizon, coming closer. . . .

"I'm going out there with you, Charley," he said. "I want you to tell me all about it, I want to see every shot in my mind."

"All right, Bert," Charley said affectionately. "I'll do the best I can."

"We'll give you a move-by-move account," Prater said from the back seat. "You'll think you're with Glendenning, or whatever his name is, at the Cup Final."

Bert ignored him carefully. "Do we get out now, Charley?"

"No, it's a little early yet. Let's have a cup of coffee."

PRATER wanted to pour Bert's coffee for him—as Bert knew he would—and for that reason he insisted on pouring it himself. He held the cup by the lip and poured very cautiously, touching the mouth of the flask against his finger so he would be sure to hit the cup. The coffee scalded his finger, but he did not flinch. The odour of it was good—better than the taste now, it seemed. A cigarette would smell good now, too.

He wished he hadn't given up the habit. That would have made the scene complete: a cigarette, coffee and the smell of the water. Funny thing, you could smell the guns, too, and the hunting-coats and rubber boots. One thing you couldn't do, though, was shoot duck. You could hear them, of course—the spine-tickling whisper of wings as they went over. But you couldn't shoot by ear.

Or could you?

Bert felt his scalp prickle suddenly. Couldn't a man perhaps flight-shoot by ear and get one? Why not? What would it hurt to try?

No! Absolutely no! The idea was absurd. Why get so excited over the idea of shooting just one more? *Put it out of your mind, old boy,* he told himself. *You must be going soft in the noggin.*

He took a deep breath and sipped his coffee and tried to stop thinking about it. But somewhere in the back of his mind he knew now that he was going to try it. Sometime out there this morning he was going to say, very casually:

"Charley, let me have your gun. When the next bunch comes in I'm going to try to pot one by ear."

Perhaps it wasn't all over, after all. Perhaps a man could shoot one more duck like that.

When they had finished the coffee they got out of the car and began to pull on the heavy waders. Bert heard Charley go to the back of the car and take out the two sacks of decoys. They made a hollow clatter on the frozen ground when he dropped them.

"Charley," Prater said, "if you can handle the decoys by yourself, I'll carry the guns and help Bert."

Bert clenched his gloved fists. "I can manage, Prater. All I have to do is keep one hand on somebody's shoulder."

"Well," Prater said stubbornly, "I'd hate you to fall and get wet."

"He won't fall," Charley said. "Bert knows every stump in this water." It was a monstrous exaggeration, but Bert appreciated it.

Then they set off down the slope toward the water, Prater in front and Bert walking behind and slightly to the left of Charley, his right hand on Charley's shoulder.

Ice lay on the water of the lake. It broke like panes of delicate glass under their boots. As they went deeper, the ice disappeared and Bert felt the water grip his legs coldly. In a little while, the light would come gradually out of the east, giving depth and perspective to a grey world of water and fog and scrubby islands.

After five minutes of wading they stopped to rest. It was slow, laborious going in the mud and waist-deep water, and if you worked up a sweat, it would turn to ice water when you waited, motionless, in the duck-hide.

"Prater," Charley said, "we want to go out to that second flat, off the point. I thought Bert and I would take the left side and you the right."

Bert remembered the place. It was a good spot

Continued on page 54

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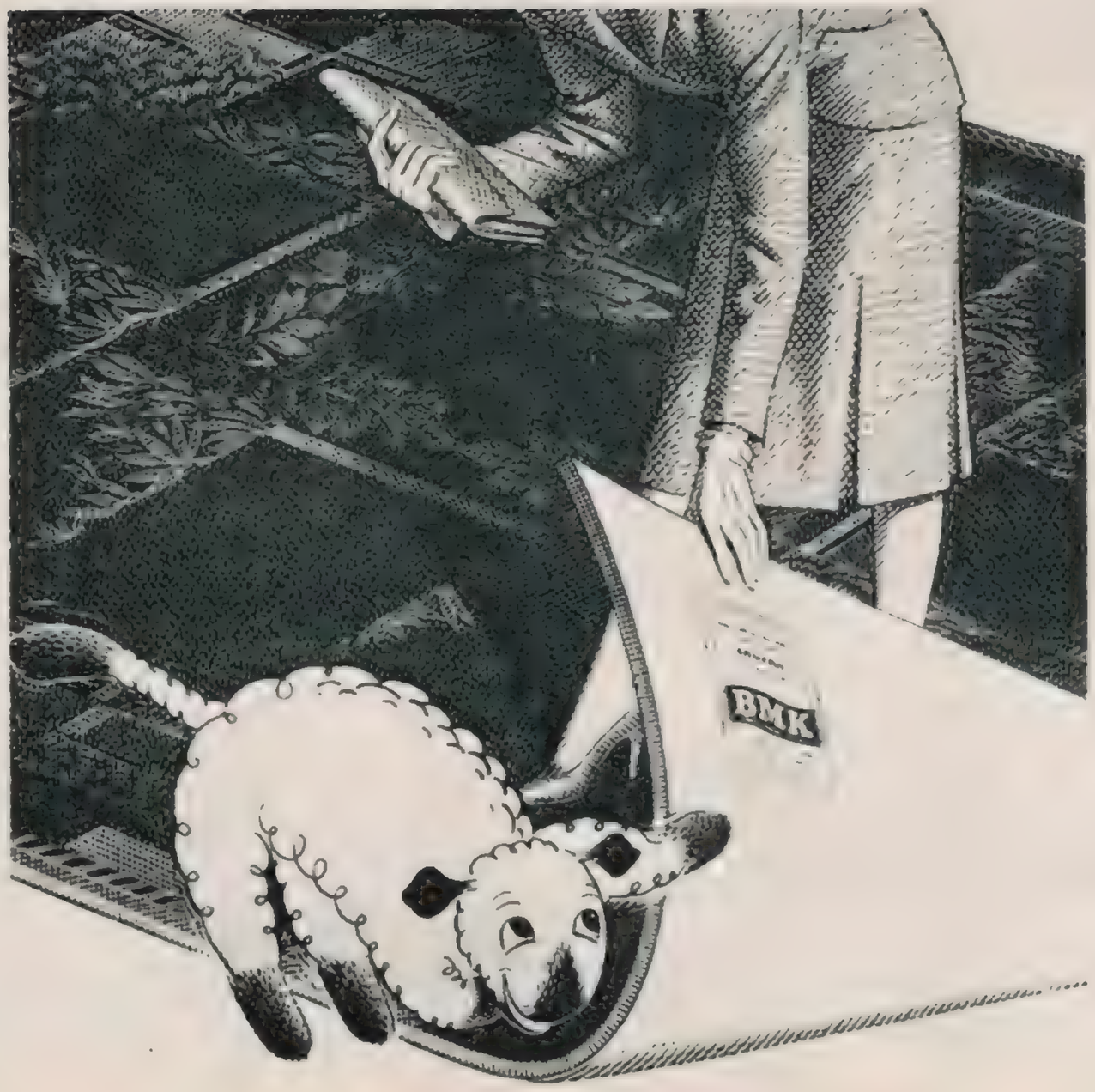

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Grand Hotel's orchestra has outlived every other radio programme. By now the players know their music backwards

The Palm Court melody lingers on

by DAVID MILLWOOD

DURING the Festival of Light Music at the Royal Festival Hall in London this summer, the announcer made a mistake. Instead of introducing the B.B.C. Concert Orchestra's final item, he announced the Palm Court Orchestra, led by Jean Pougnet.

This was the cue for the stage to be plunged into darkness, and for Pougnet and his musicians to take their places so that they could be seen playing their signature tune when the lights came up again. Clutching his violin, Pougnet was creeping across the stage followed by the others when the announcer corrected himself and the lights came on again. Pougnet hid, appropriately, behind a potted palm; Edward Rubach, the pianist, disappeared behind the piano, and two other players scuttled back into the wings.

A moment later the announcer cancelled his correction, and once again the stage was darkened. Pougnet and Rubach started the signature tune. Off-stage, Reg Kilby took up the tune on his 'cello and came on playing it and propelling it to his seat, followed by the other players.

"We all got a lot of fun out of this fiasco," says Pougnet. "It was a change from the well-ordered routine of our usual broadcasts."

Doggedly adhering to a strict formula, *Grand Hotel*, which originated with a broadcast by Albert Sandler and his palm court orchestra from the Grand Hotel, Eastbourne, on July 28, 1925, has outlived every other programme in the history of broadcasting and is today an all-year-round light music favourite with a radio audience of up to six million.

The programme always begins with an overture or a selection, and always includes two violin solos and three songs by a guest singer. The repertoire consists almost entirely of yesterday's music—a mixture of familiar theatre music, ballads, Viennese waltzes, popular classics and tzigane.

"It seems that it will go on for ever," says the producer, Charles Beardsall, wearily, "without the slightest change."

The routine never alters. Every Sunday evening at 7.30, comes the announcement: "We are taking you into the Palm Court of Grand Hotel to listen to the music of Jean Pougnet and the Palm Court Orchestra." Pougnet's violin begins Johann Strauss's "Roses From The South," and the announcer comes in again with: "The orchestra is already playing the signature tune, so into the Palm Court of *Grand Hotel*. . . ."

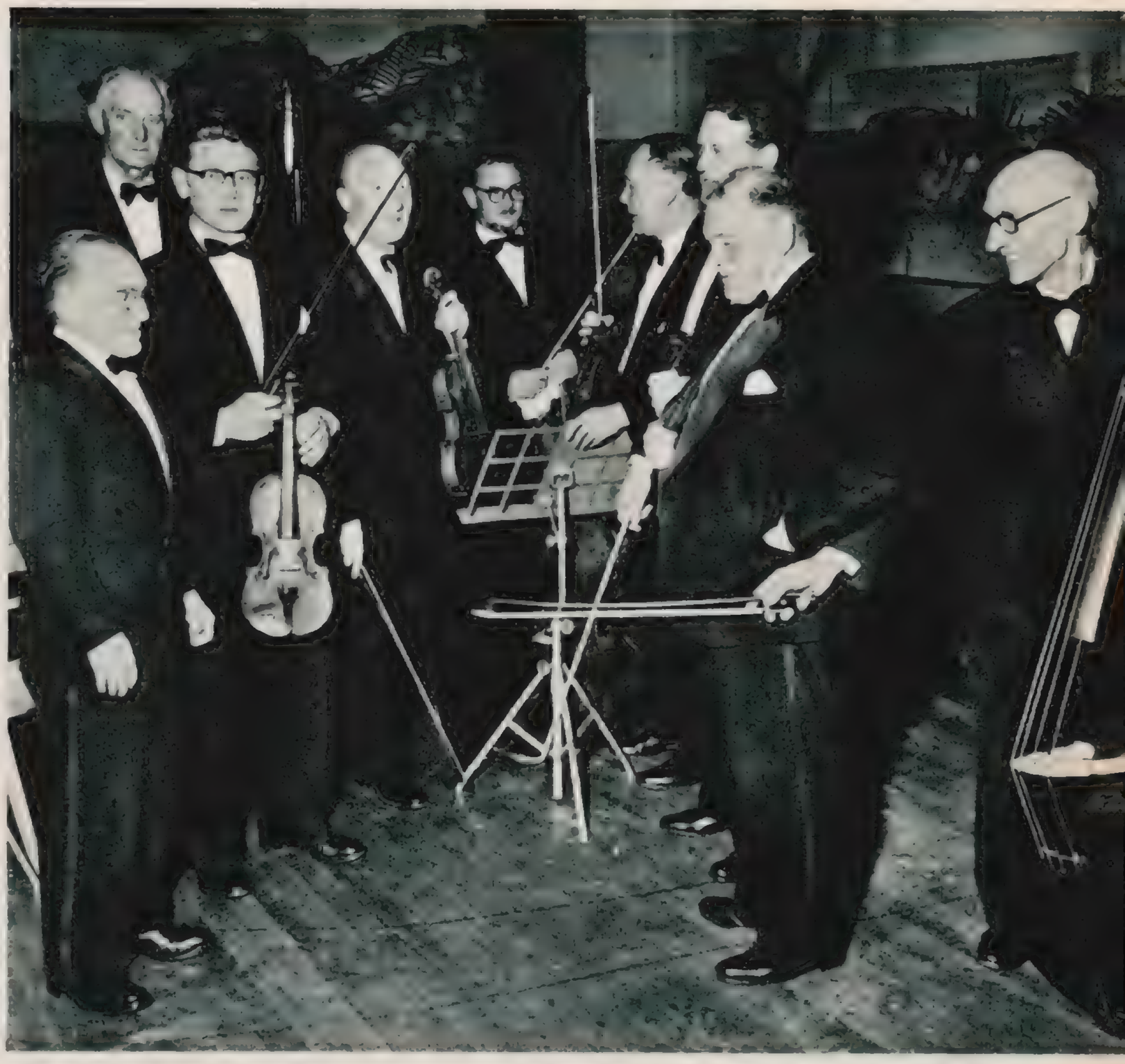
Once, Tom Jenkins, the previous leader, forgot the signature tune and began playing a tune by Ivor Novello from the opening selection, but the orchestra came in smoothly to support him after the first few notes.

ATTEMPTS by successive producers to make slight variations to the programme or to introduce new items, such as a xylophone solo, are squashed by their superiors.

"Time has proved what the listeners to *Grand Hotel* want," says Frank Wade, the B.B.C.'s Head of Light Music. "We can't afford to meddle with it. An electronics firm recently suggested that we replace the ancient organ with an up-to-date instrument. I told them that it was more than my job was worth to make the change."

When Jean Pougnet took over the leadership of the orchestra from Tom Jenkins, he had to agree to make no change to the music or to the content of the programme. A former leader of the London Philharmonic Orchestra and a one-time club violinist, Pougnet at forty-nine has the physique of a lumberjack. His hands, however, are long and carefully manicured.

Half-way through a broadcast a few months ago, he cast a quick glance over the orchestra behind him to make sure the players were ready for the next item, which featured the celeste. All but one of the eight musicians



Nine men who bring Sunday night music to over six million listeners. The first broadcast from Palm Court was in 1925

Jean Pougnet is the orchestra's fourth leader since Albert Sandler died in 1948

JOHN BULL PHOTOGRAPHS BY ARTHUR WHITTINGTON

raised their eyes. The exception was an instrumentalist who had nothing to play during the previous three items. He was reading a motor magazine, and had not realized that he was due to play next.

Pougnet looked at him and coughed. The other musicians turned their heads and grinned. The odd man out, oblivious of them all, went on reading.

Moving away from the microphone, Pougnet softly called his name. In whispers, the musicians nearest to him called also: "Psst!" But he did not hear them.

Realizing that some kind of jolt was required, Pougnet walked quickly across the stage to the musician, who was still preoccupied with motor cars. With the bow of his violin, Pougnet jabbed him and pointed to the score. Then, with a wink at the rest of the players, he returned to the front of the stage, raised his bow and launched "The Balkan Doghght," which is the orchestra's name for a lively medley of gipsy music.

THE sound of the Palm Court Orchestra has become almost as familiar to radio listeners as the chimes of Big Ben. For many people it conjures up a picture of retired gentlefolk sipping tea in a seaside hotel lounge decorated with potted palms. This, in fact, was the setting for the prewar broadcasts from Eastbourne, which ran from 1925 until 1939. Albert Sandler, the original leader, died in 1948, and was succeeded by Tom Jones, Leslie Jeffreys—who now leads a trio playing palm court music at the Grand Hotel—and Tom Jenkins.

In 1943, the B.B.C. re-created the programme under the title *Grand Hotel* and made Albert Sandler, who was then earning £10 a week at a Lyons Corner House in London, its leader.

During the war, when the audiences were not always large enough to provide atmosphere, records of rattling crockery, chattering voices and applause were played. Today, the studio audience at the concert hall is encouraged to relax and to talk between the items "as though you were in an hotel lounge." The orchestra, in evening dress on a stage decorated with potted palms and indoor plants, makes tuning-up noises—whether the instruments need tuning or not. Even today, many listeners believe that the broadcasts are made from a seaside hotel.

"The aim of *Grand Hotel* has always been to create a mood of quiet gentility and nostalgia," says Pougnet. "We imagine our listeners to be mostly middle-aged and elderly people."

His musicians are veterans of broadcasting. Reg Kilby, Henry Krein, celeste, and Fred Cramer, the organist, have been with the Palm Court Orchestra since 1943. Cramer played with Albert Sandler's orchestra on its first broadcast from Eastbourne. "They all know the music backwards," says Beardsall. "They could play it blindfold, standing on their heads."

A musical arranger was once asked to produce an operatic selection at twenty-four hours' notice for the programme. When he came to write the 'cello part, it was 2 a.m. The idea of writing down music which Reg Kilby, the Palm Court Orchestra's 'cellist, had played hundreds of times and knew off by heart did not appeal to him. He gave it up half-way and went to bed.

The music was delivered to the concert hall of Broadcasting House later that morning, but Kilby did not see his part until the broadcast. During the selection, he turned over his score and found a page bare of music with a message scrawled across it: "For heaven's sake, busk *Faust*."

Kilby, who often plays by memory and sometimes does not refer to his score once during a broadcast, obliged. He continued to busk *Faust*, and many other items, every week.

ALL the members of the Palm Court Orchestra except Pougnet also play in other B.B.C. orchestras. Pougnet has a weekly contract for *Grand Hotel* and normally works the rest of the week as a freelance concert soloist. Recently, however, he has had to drop all his solo work owing to a mysterious painless cramp which affects the fingers of his left hand.

"As I reach over to place my fingers on the strings, something I can't control pulls them back. I have consulted specialists and tried everything, including weeks without touching the violin, but nothing seems to cure it. I have practised endlessly with tears of frustration rolling down my face. It is nerve-racking to think that at any moment, perhaps during a broadcast, my fingers might fail to reach the strings or might strike a wrong note."

Born in Mauritius, Pougnet is the son of British parents of French origin, who brought him to England two years later. His sister Marcelle gave him his first violin lesson at the age of five.

"Marcelle was an enterprising girl. She thought I showed talent and when she discovered that Rowsby Woof, an eminent professor at the Royal Academy of Music, lived opposite us, she took me to his house and insisted that he should hear me play."

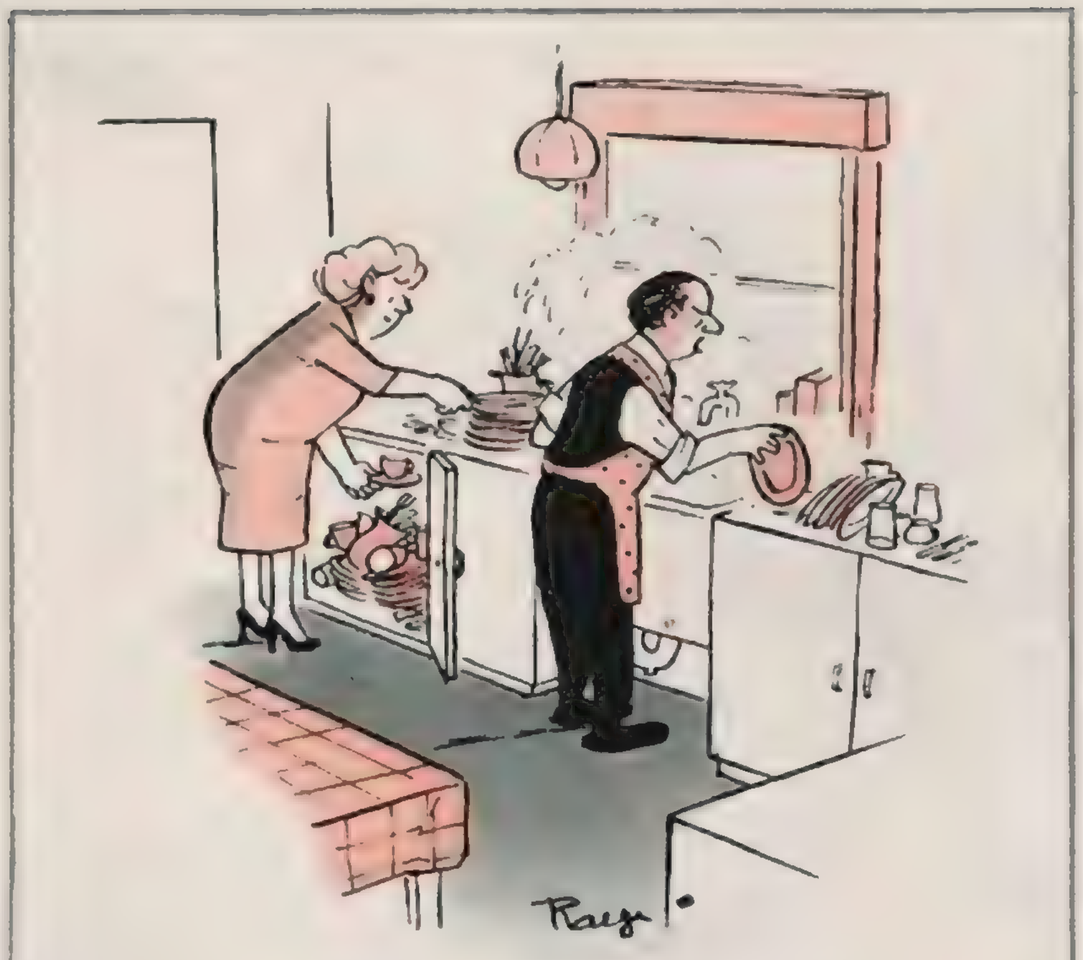
Woof agreed that the boy showed talent and accepted him as a pupil. At the age of eleven, Jean gave his first public concert, won a scholarship to the academy and studied there for seven years, winning two further scholarships. After leaving the academy in 1925, he quickly built up a reputation as a concert soloist in Britain and the Continent and often performed at the Proms. In 1942, after three years with the B.B.C., he became the leader of the London Philharmonic Orchestra, but resigned in 1945 to concentrate on solo work and chamber music.

Although Pougnet took over the Palm Court Orchestra from Tom Jenkins, in June, 1954, he still receives letters addressed to "Miss Jean Pougnet." But he does not expect the same nation-wide fame as Jenkins and Albert Sandler attained—not yet, anyway.

Charles Hewitt, the B.B.C.'s Light Music Manager, says: "It takes at least two years for the audience of *Grand Hotel* to begin to accept a new leader. They are a very conservative audience, with a strong loyalty to the programme. When I was in Norway a few years ago, the radio people there complained that they could not get a good Sunday night audience; everyone was tuned in to *Grand Hotel*. The Light Programme is well received in Norway and many people who listened to the programme during the war still do so."

A Norwegian and his wife who attended a Sunday night broadcast not long ago asked to meet the leader of the orchestra. The producer introduced them to Pougnet, who recalls the meeting with a twinkle in his eye.

"I was quite flattered when they wrung my hand, told me that the programme had given them pleasure for many years, and thanked me for all the pleasure I had given them. It was their farewell that floored me. They shook my hand again and said, one after the other: 'Goodbye, and thank you, Mr. Jenkins.'" THE END



"You would never think we could possibly use as much stuff as this for one meal"

Captain Pugh's clockwork fleet

continued from page 19

Pugh if he could come on the bridge and watch the working of the ship. He stayed aboard for three cross-river trips, then said: "Don't you ever give the crew orders?" Pugh bridled and snapped: "They've been doing the job for so long that they don't usually need any."

Some days later Pugh overheard a deep-sea man, who had been taken on temporarily for the summer, holding forth to some deck hands on their lack of seamanship. Pugh called the man to the bridge and told him to take over the wheel.

"He was all right till he came to berth the boat," recalls the mate on that trip. "Then he swung her round into the tide far too early. He looked sideways at the skipper, with beads of perspiration on his forehead, and said: 'I think you'd better take over, sir.' He never boasted again."

Crews generally work eight-hour watches and have a forty-four hour week. But in the summer, when bucket-and-spade families going for the day to the resort of New Brighton mingle with the customary thousands of workers, everyone from Pugh to the newest deck boy works overtime. Pugh has sometimes been on the bridge for twenty-four hours non-stop, and during one foggy spell the three operators of the £6,500 ferry radar station never left it for five days.

Pugh claims that the confidence and spirit existing among the crews have been built up by making the ferry undertaking a self-contained service. It runs its own examinations for promotion and all the ten captains today began as deck boys on the ferries. "In the last two hundred years the ferries have stopped running for only two days," says Pugh. "And that was on Admiralty orders when the river was mined in 1941."

Most numerous complaints from passengers, says Lieutenant-Commander Loyd Price, an impish-faced master mariner who is general manager of Wallasey Ferries, concern fares (5d. for the Liverpool-Seacombe journey compared with 2½d. prewar) and the design of boats. The fat chunky steam ferries are gradually being replaced by sleek, diesel-driven boats costing £150,000 each, which are faster and cheaper to run, but less roomy. Even more controversial has been the £300,000 Royal Iris, the futuristic "floating ballroom." But her cruises prove a great money-spinner.

Requests to Pugh from passengers for help are frequent. He is continually being asked to get in touch with men on ships in mid-river. Once a family party of thirteen from St. Helens approached him. The mother, a frail, white-haired woman, asked him to go near a troopship anchored off Liverpool. Aboard was her son, a repatriated prisoner of war whom she had not seen for five years.

Pugh drifted the ferry in close to the ship and pointed to some men on the deck. "Suddenly one of the men walked to the rail," he says. "The mother screamed, 'There he is,' and fainted into my arms.

"Not all my passengers are welcome ones," adds Pugh. His ferry had just cast off from Liverpool one night when a youth rushed on to the stage and leaped on the boat—an offence punishable with a 40s. fine. Pugh was just leaving the bridge to find the youth when he saw three policemen running along the stage. The ferry put back and the police came aboard to search. They found the youth hiding under a seat and marched him off.

Pugh's family has worked in the ferries for at least three generations, and his father, Owen, was an engineer for fifty years. As a boy, Pugh used to run home from school to take food to the engine-room. At fifteen he joined the ferry service himself, earning 11s. 3d. a week as a deck boy: today he would get 72s. 6d.—and a shorter working week. Within twelve years Pugh was a mate.

He was often in charge on the bridge and for the last five years of his father's service was technically his superior. In those days, before the opening of the Mersey Tunnel, luggage boats, carrying cars, also ran between Liverpool and Seacombe. By 1939 Pugh was a captain and during the war helped to carry nearly 100 million people safely across the river.

Pugh's boat was leaving Liverpool during one air raid when a destroyer opened fire at a chandelier flare. Tracer bullets shot across the ferry's bows and Pugh had to swing the boat round to avoid being hit. Another evening a bomb exploded thirty yards away.

Pugh lives with his wife, Emily, in a neat suburban house in Wallasey close to the river. Their twenty-one year old son is at sea. Pugh was made commodore of the Wallasey fleet three years ago, and has come to know the river so well that a year ago he was asked by a national newspaper to forecast weather for the district.

His knowledge of the river and the constant experience of his crew in facing its dangers did something towards saving his own life last year. He was helping to hoist a gangway aboard a ferry when the deck hand holding the other end let go. The gangway slewed round, Pugh overbalanced, and was thrown into the choppy river.

"As I hit the water I was already thinking about the rate of the current and the best point of the shore to aim for if I were swept away." But the speed with which hands threw belts and lines to him saved any battle with the tide. He was hauled from the water and was sipping a stiff whisky on the ferry inside two minutes.

"And," says Pugh, "the crew still got the ferry away on time." THE END

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IS THE SCOTCH

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A price for Sophia

Continued from page 15

helping Percy we must just try to suffer him. Though why dear Percy should wish to turn himself into a cloth manufacturer, I cannot conceive. *My* family never did anything of the kind."

"Poor Papa was a cloth manufacturer," said Sophia with spirit.

"He never demeaned himself by actually sitting at a loom, Sophy," said Maria severely.

"I don't imagine Percy will sit much at a loom, either," murmured Sophia. "I only wish he would."

At this Madam Ormerod sighed, Miss Maria tossed her head, and Schofield continued to dine—very badly—in the glacial atmosphere of the Ormerods' handsomely appointed but shabby and dusty front room.

Schofield was not daunted by all these difficulties; in fact he enjoyed them. But there were times—as he rode home to High Fold perhaps after an overdose of Percy and Maria, or finally left his loom, fit to drop with weariness, in the small hours of the morning—when he chuckled to himself and remarked, wagging his head: "Scofe, lad, tha's bitten off more than tha can chew."

But at last his tenacity was rewarded, and the weaving of his new design became a practical proposition. A couple of fine pieces of the new cloth were woven in a blue yarn, finished and displayed at Annotsfield market.

Their novelty and charm caught the eyes of the merchants, and orders for similar pieces poured in. At the same time the opening of the commodious and convenient new Cloth Hall gave a fillip to the whole Annotsfield cloth trade.

So, as Schofield had foreseen, ready money tumbled plentifully into Percy's pocket. Prosperity, like decay is cumulative. The Ormerods' credit rose. Bankruptcy fell quite out of sight. It was indeed only about a year after his first meeting with Schofield that Percy was able to release one of the many mortgaged closes of Ormerod land.

On the day that Percy, with jubilation, brought home these reclaimed title deeds, Schofield, having put on his best coat and had his hair dressed, arrived at Walt Royd to request permission from Percy to ask Sophia to be his wife.

Percy coloured and appeared embarrassed and unwilling to meet Schofield's eye. He hemmed and ha'd; he threw out scattered phrases about Sophia's youth, her beauty, her many admirers; he turned his head and looked out, perhaps with meaning, at the fields and cottages which he now had good hope would soon again be his own: But Schofield continued to stand stubbornly in front of him without speaking, and at last Percy blurted out unwillingly: "All things considered, Schofield, I don't see that I can refuse you."

"No," said Schofield sturdily, "I don't see that you can."

"But I can't answer for Sophia," said Percy hastily.

"Will you tell her now, then," said Schofield, disregarding this. With a shrug and a sigh Percy went away to find his sister.

He came back bearing all the signs of a man who has had his ears boxed, for his hair was ruffled, his face scarlet and his speech decidedly breathless. "She will see you now in the little parlour," he panted.

Schofield made his way to this agreeable little panelled room, knocked and entered. Sophia stood by the hearth waiting to receive him. Her cheeks, like Percy's—their fair complexions showed every change of temper very markedly—were scarlet and she was clearly in a blazing rage. In this condition she looked even more beautiful than usual.

"Well, Schofield Priestley!" she cried. "Have you nothing to say for yourself? What is this I hear?"

"I want to wed you," said Schofield bluntly, in his most stolid and Yorkshire manner.

"Indeed? But what is this I hear about a piece of cloth? You have tried to buy me, have you? You think, sir, that I can be bought with a piece of cloth."

"Nay," said Schofield, startled by this way of putting the matter, "I never thought of it in that light, I do assure you, Miss Sophia."

"You didn't?" cried Sophia. She blushed even more deeply, but now it was with the crimson of embarrassment rather than the scarlet of anger; her chagrin was plain. "You never thought of me at all? In that case, sir, let me tell you that you are the biggest fool in Yorkshire."

"Why that isn't saying much," said Schofield staunchly. "Yorkshire isn't noted for fools."

"You're the biggest fool in England, Schofield Priestley—the biggest fool in the world!" cried Sophia.

"Nay, lass," said Schofield in a very determined tone: "Make up your mind which way you want it. Do you want me to have given my Amens to your brother for your sake——"

"No!"

"——or not?"

"No!"

"Well—after all what does it matter?" said Schofield in a tone of great magnanimity. "You can have it either way, neither way, or both ways

POWER—1

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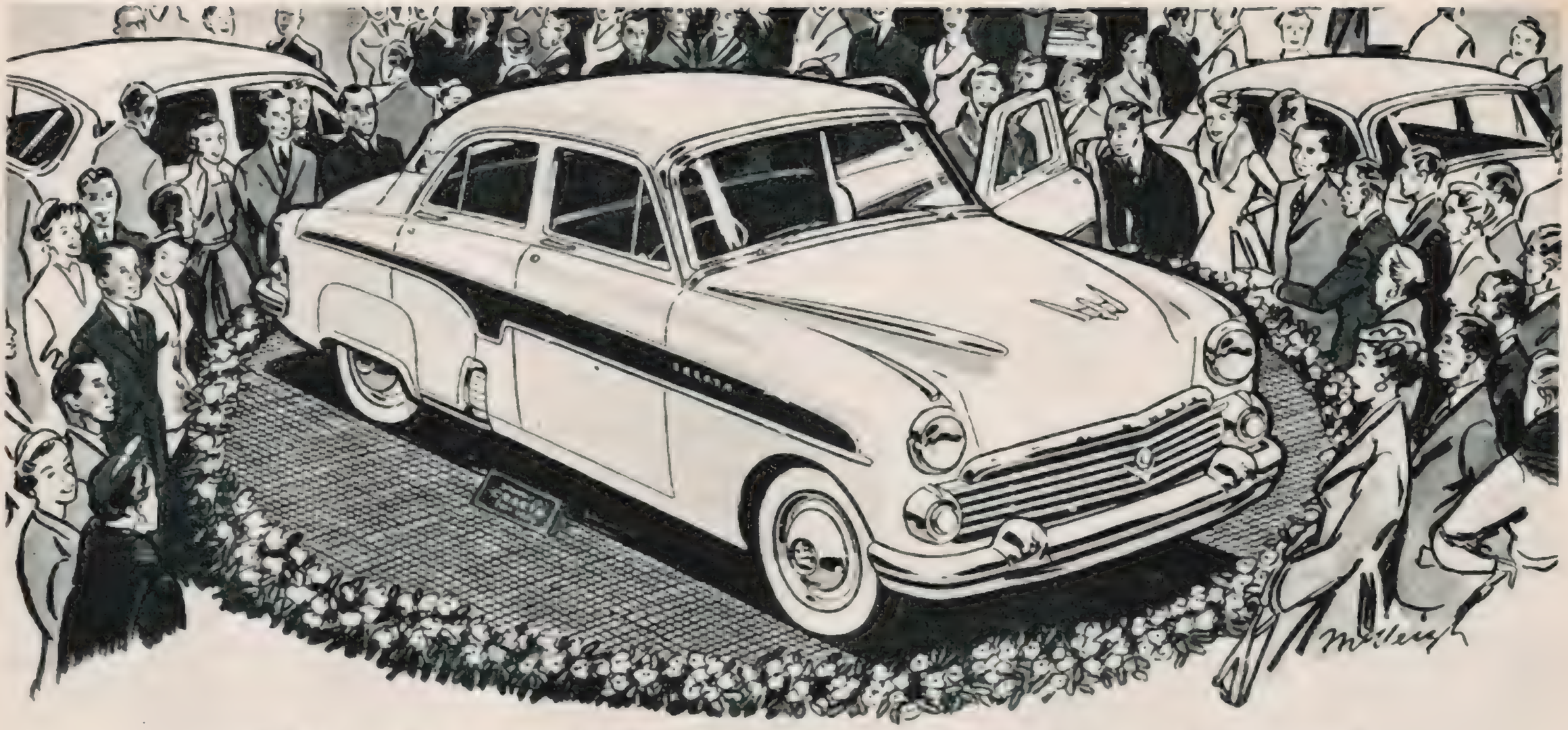

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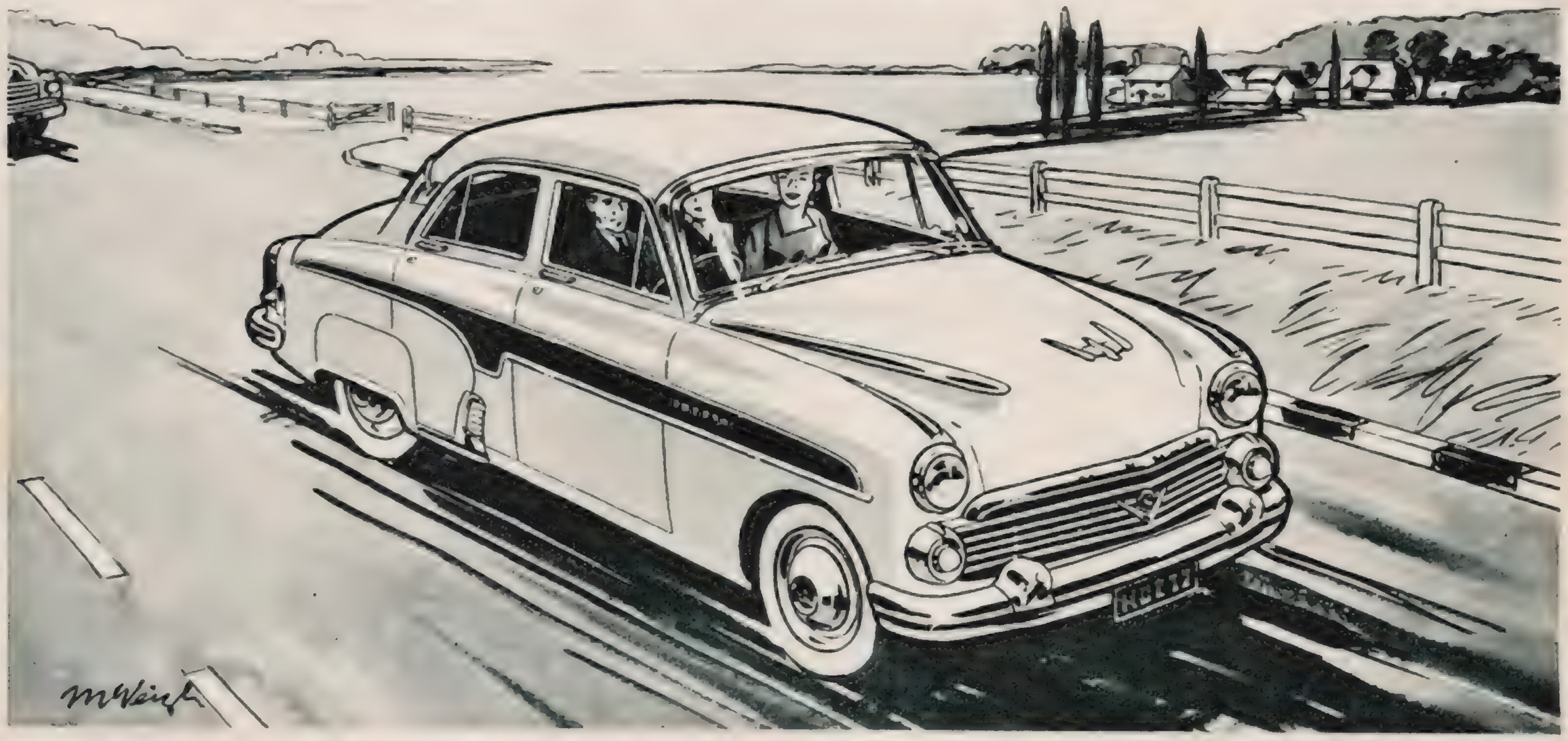

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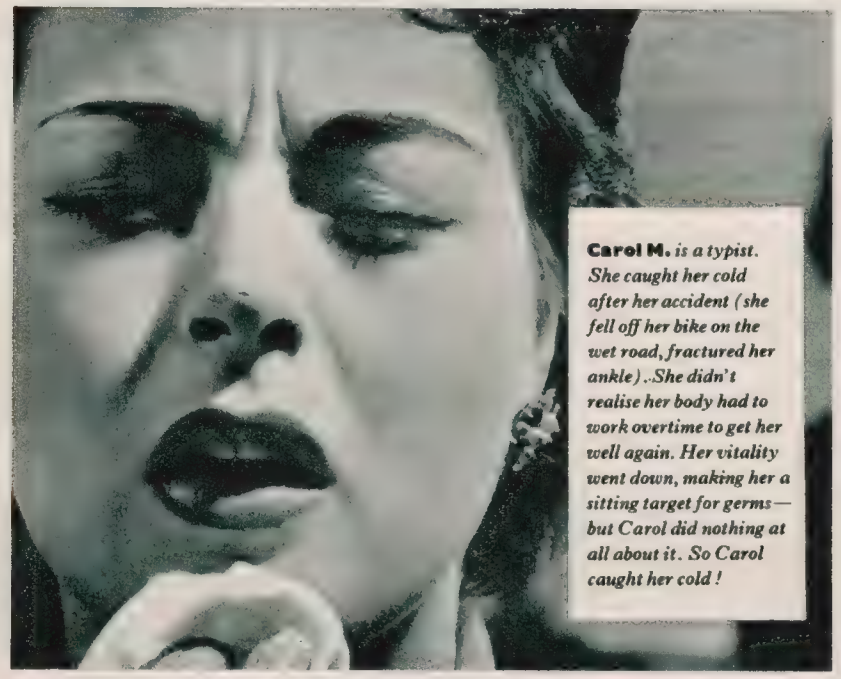
Mr. N. *caught his cold because he too got hot! Scooter to the station: hot stuffy train to the City: damp walk to the office—that's how Mr. N. gets to work, and it's the same again at night. But his body hasn't the vitality to adjust itself to these sudden changes—so Mr. N. was an easy prey for the cold germ.*



Carol M. *is a typist. She caught her cold after her accident (she fell off her bike on the wet road, fractured her ankle). She didn't realise her body had to work overtime to get her well again. Her vitality went down, making her a sitting target for germs—but Carol did nothing at all about it. So Carol caught her cold!*

COLDS are caused by very small germs called viruses which attack the lining membranes—'the epithelial tissues'—of your nose and throat. If you are in good health, and particularly if these epithelial tissues are sound, the germs find it difficult to get in and do damage.

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THE DANGER AREA

Sally O. *caught her cold for yet another reason—as with most children, winter's the time when she takes more out of herself than usual. Her body has to find the energy for all sorts of games, as well as the usual job of keeping Sally warm. So it had none to spare for protecting her from infection. Result—Sally caught a cold!*

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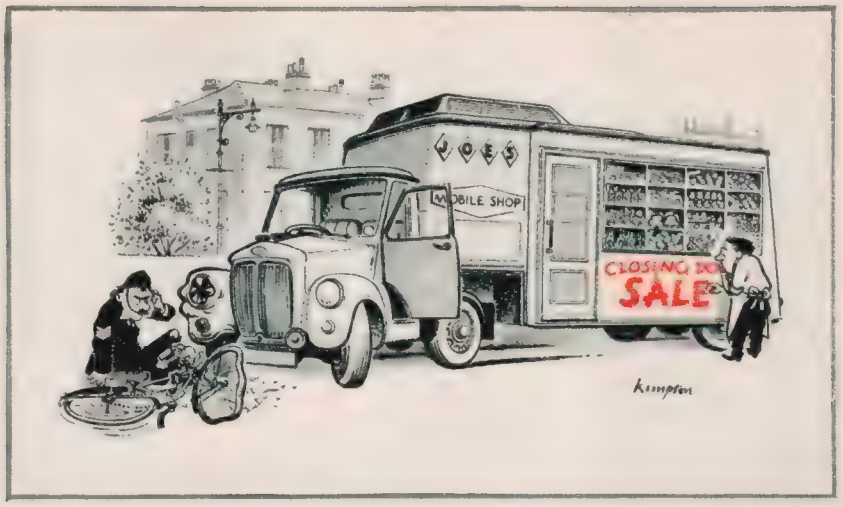

at once, whichever you like. It's nowt to me, so long as you wed me."

"Schofield Priestley, I could kill you!" cried Sophia.

"Wed me first, you can happen kill me after," suggested Schofield with a smile.

"Oh, Scofe!" said Sophia suddenly, in a trembling tone.

Schofield, perceiving with joy that his suit was won, opened his arms, and Sophia fell into them.

"Oh, Scofe! If you only knew!" cried Sophia, weeping on his shoulder. "Oh, Scofe! I love you!"

All the poetry in the world filled Schofield's heart but, being a Yorkshireman, all he said was: "Well, that's good news, any road. . . ."

It is given only to great men to have more than one really new idea in a lifetime, and Schofield Priestley was not a great man. He made quite a number of fresh textile designs from time to time after his marriage, but never evolved any so novel or so pleasing as his precious lozenge Amens. Accordingly his affairs prospered in a sober, moderate, ordinary style, while the Ormerods' seemed to fly up like a kite on the wind.

Percy then took up with his mother's relatives who viewed a prosperous cousin very differently from a bankrupt one and now found themselves quite able to overlook his connection with trade. Eventually, under their patronage, he stood for Parliament.

He did not win the seat (the Yorkshire electorate having too much sense for that, thought Schofield) but the attempt gave him the entrée to political society, and eventually he married the sister of a lord and sat for a southern borough.

His Parliamentary duties took him to London for much of the year. Miss Maria, from this advantageous position, managed to marry a rather elderly younger son, and their almost continuous absence from the Ire Valley was a relief to the Priestleys.

Meanwhile Schofield and Sophia lived a happy married life. True, Sophia had a temper of her own, and at first she found it hard to settle down to the homely High Fold ways, and often disagreed rather vigorously with her mother-in-law, who, although she was ignorant of Schofield's sacrifice of his design, disapproved on a great many other grounds of the Ormerods. But old Mrs. Priestley gradually discovered that Sophia disliked the Ormerods quite as much as she did, and the two women became reconciled over the children, of whom Schofield and Sophia eventually had five—three boys and two girls, all healthy, spirited and as handsome as was necessary.

Sophia was kind to Ned, smartened him up without being too sharp about it, and helped him to make a good match with a very nice girl, the daughter of an Annotsfield cloth finisher. He lived in a pleasant cottage near by and worked at High Fold and sometimes rode to market on Tuesdays with his brother. The Schofields had a good stall in the Cloth Hall—not, of course, a double one in the main hall like the Ormerods, but well-placed enough to satisfy Schofield.

The usual trials and troubles of this mortal life from time to time of course afflicted the Priestleys. A child ailed, or fell down a ladder; Ned's wife had a miscarriage; a shuttle flew off the loom and pierced Schofield's arm; old Mr. Priestley's hearing began to fail; Sophia's hat was too much stared at when she wore it to church in Garthwaite, Schofield was vexed and they quarrelled heartily; the price of cloth sometimes went up and down in an irritating manner.

But no really serious distress overtook them until eight years after their marriage, when war broke out in America with the colonists.

Schofield had a sneaking sympathy with the American colonists, though he did not voice it openly. Like many another Yorkshireman, he was often maddened by regulations made in London concerning the cloth trade by persons who had never been in Yorkshire or seen a shuttle in their lives. He reckoned that the American colonists probably felt much the same about London-made laws, only rather worse because they were farther off and their country differed even more from London than Yorkshire did.

But it had never entered Schofield's head that this far-off war would concern him, until suddenly the volume of the cloth trade in Annotsfield dropped by half, the merchants who bought for the American trade having ceased their purchases.

This business recession was short but sharp, and Schofield, who had a wife and family and a mother and a brother and his family depending on him, found himself awkwardly placed when for a few weeks the High Fold pieces did not sell.

When, for the fifth Tuesday in succession, Schofield was seen in the distance returning from market with his piece of cloth still lying across his saddle, Sophia threw off her cap, tied on the hat which has already been mentioned—now several years old—called Ned's wife to care for the children, and set off with a quick step towards Garthwaite bridge.

Schofield, arriving at the door of High Fold with the children scampering about his horse's hoofs, inquired in astonishment for his wife.

"She's gone out," said Ned's wife in some timidity—everyone at High Fold had a wholesome respect for Schofield.

"Out, which way?"

Ned's wife pointed. Schofield scowled. "Have you had tidings that Percy Ormerod's at home? Eh?" he said.

"Aye, I reckon we have, Schofield," bleated the girl.

Schofield, looking extremely grim, dismounted, took the piece of cloth over his shoulder and carried it into

POWER—2

To know the pains of power, we must go to those who have it; to know its pleasures, we must go to those who are seeking it.

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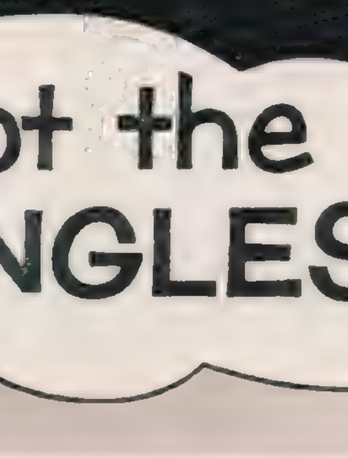
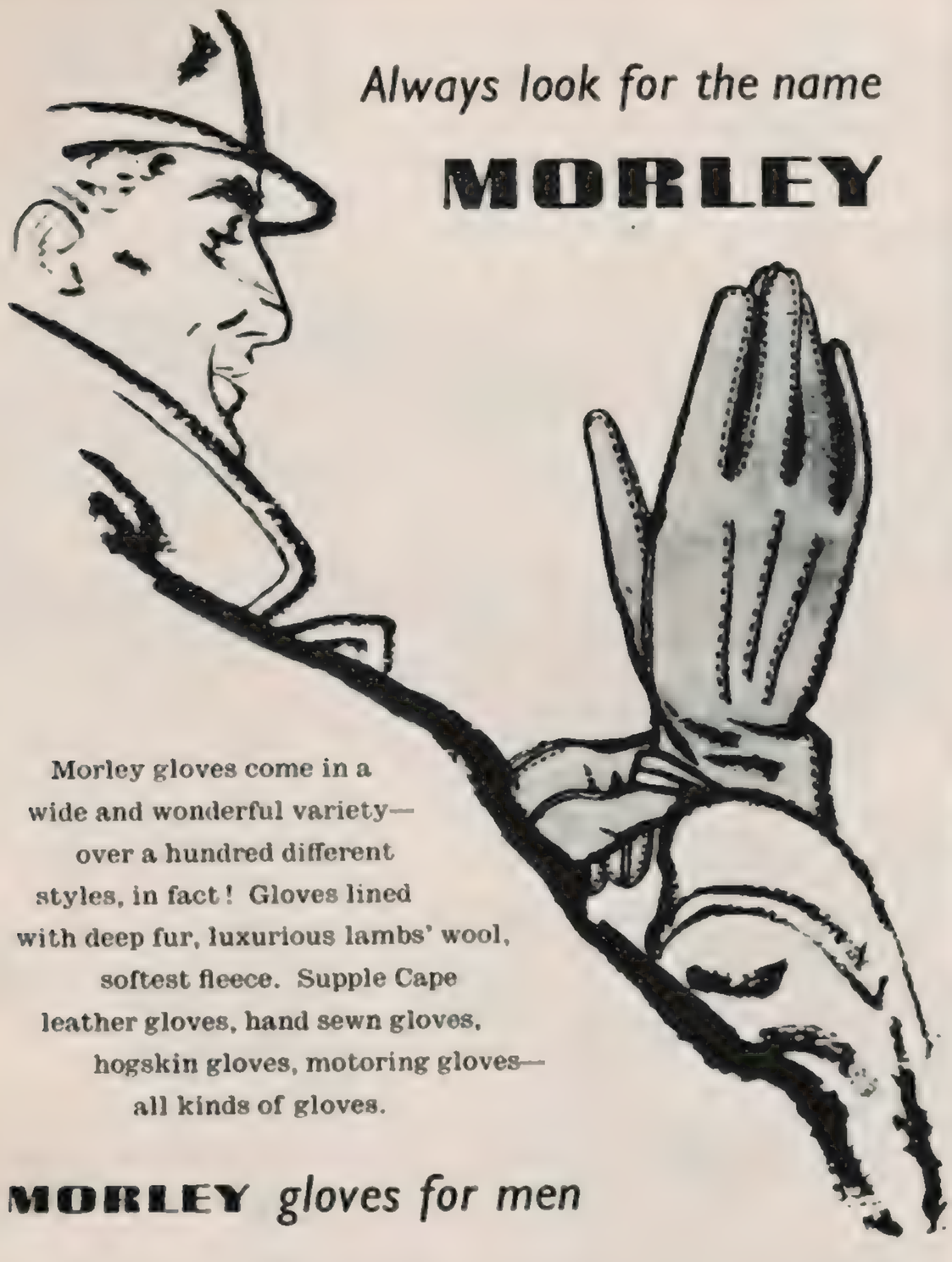


BLACKCURRANT

TANGERINE



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Twiglets

Made by PEEK FREAN—*makers of famous biscuits*

the house; then, mounting again, rode briskly off after Sophia.

Riding in front of her, Schofield turned his horse across the track so that she could not pass. "Well, Sophy," he said, "and where are you off to? Tha's no call to lie to me," he went on, "for I can guess."

"I have never lied to you, Schofield Priestley," cried Sophia, her temper and her colour rising at once.

"Aye, that's true," conceded Schofield. "But you're off to Percy now, eh?"

"And what if I am? When I saw you coming home again with the cloth unsold," began Sophia. Here she burst into tears, and cried stormily: "It's so unfair, Schofield. Here's Percy making a fortune out of your cloth, and you not getting a ha'penny."

"I gave him the cloth, lass," said Schofield soberly.

"He ought to help you; he owes everything to you."

"Do you want to shame me before him?"

"The shame's all on his side. You ought to be his partner at least, and instead of that you've nothing, nothing!"

"Nay," said Schofield, dismounting. "Seems to me I remember getting myself a wife."

"Oh, Scofe!" wept Sophia, throwing herself into his arms.

"Don't upset yourself, so, love," said Schofield, kissing his wife's cheek, still brilliant from mingled love and fury.

"Schofield," said Sophia timidly, raising her eyes to his. "Why don't you—couldn't you—make that cloth yourself?"

"I could but I won't," said Schofield, setting his jaw. "I made a bargain and I shan't cry off it. . . ."

Twenty years rolled by. The difficulties caused by the war with the American colonists passed over and the Priestleys quietly prospered.

The children grew up; the eldest two sons married, the elder daughter began "courting" with a neighbouring clothier's son. There was a bit of bother when Ned's eldest lad fell head over heels in love with his cousin, Schofield's youngest, Elizabeth, a rather wilful young piece very like her mother, who didn't seem inclined towards him; but in the end it passed over, for Elizabeth presently married a merchant's son in Annotsfield. The merchant, being wealthier and more important than Schofield, was not pleased with his son's attachment at first, but it was impossible not to respect the honest, steady Priestley family and love the beautiful, wayward, warm-hearted Bessie.

Luckily all Schofield's sons and daughters had a clear resemblance to their mother, and even his grandchildren would sometimes look at him out of Sophia's eyes, speak with her voice, or wave to him with a shy little hand just like Sophia's; when they did so, he particularly loved them; though of course, being a Yorkshireman, he never said so.

It was hard, stubborn work, of course, managing his clothier's business so as to maintain all these people; but hard work was what Schofield liked and his trade grew, quietly but steadily.

Then one evening Stephen—Elizabeth's husband—came riding out to High Fold with a message from his father to say that Mr. Percival Ormerod was dead.

"Poor Percy!" said Sophia, her beautiful eyes filling with tears.

"Is the funeral to be from Walt Royd?" asked Schofield.

Stephen thought not; he had understood his father to say it was to take place on Mr. Ormerod's wife's estates, in the flat country south of Wakefield.

"Then I shan't go," said Schofield.

But that night, as they lay in bed together, Sophia persuaded him otherwise. She wept a little on his shoulder and recalled old incidents of her childhood with Percy and Maria at Walt Royd, so that Schofield could not but see that she had often yearned for her Walt Royd life but suppressed it for his sake, and this made him wish to please her in the matter if possible.

"Poor Percy was so very unhappy when he had to give up the law and leave London," said Sophia in an earnest tone. "Before you gave him the Amens cloth, you know, Scofe. Poor Percy! It wouldn't be right for his own sister not to be represented at his funeral, would it, Scofe? I am sure you agree Schofield, for you have always a very just sense of what is right and proper, dear."

Schofield growled at this flattery but said that no doubt the *Leeds Mercury* would have the announcement of the funeral arrangements tomorrow and then he would see. "But we haven't been invited yet, as far as I know," he added.

"Oh a letter will come," said Sophia confidently.

"Now, Sophia!" said Schofield. "Don't you go thinking Percy will bequeath you anything, for he won't."

"He might leave you a little something, Schofield," demurred Sophia. "For the Amens, you know."

"Not he," said Schofield stoutly. "He's forgotten it long ago."

At the bottom of his heart, however, he thought that Percy might just possibly leave some trifle or other *to my good friend Schofield Priestley, in remembrance of his kindess.* The bequest would be something quite useless, of course—a large, ugly piece of china, or a small, broken brooch for Sophia, or something of that kind; Schofield could not imagine Percy doing anything sensible, even in his will.

The letter of announcement which Sophia had confidently expected—though it struck Schofield as cold and late—did in fact arrive.

Accordingly he put on his best coat and hat and rode off very early one wet Tuesday morning. The sun was not yet fully risen and the wide landscape of turbulent hills looked chill, colourless and grim. A strong wind howled at his back and from time to time sudden gusts of rain in very large drops poured heavily down on him from the grey clouds flying across the sky.

It struck him that it was on just such a day as this that he had first thought of his lozenge Amens; he laughed a little to himself and shook

POWER—3

You shall have joy, or you shall have power, said God; you shall not have both.

Emerson

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"If they don't leave soon the ice cream will all be melted"

his head and reflected sagely that it was a strange world in which strange things happened; look at himself and the Amens and Sophia!

It was close on noon when Schofield reached Carshaw Hall.

There was a tremendous bustle of serving-men and grooms about the doorway and his horse was snatched away from him and led off to distant stables almost before he could dismount. Within the house the scene was even more remote from Schofield's experience. A concourse of gentlemen, all with embroidered coats and high-dressed hair, stood in a high, light room painted in pale green and white, surrounded by elegant furniture and ornaments such as Schofield had not set eyes on since that day thirty years ago at Sir John Resmond's.

If I hadn't given Percy my Amens, I might have lived here, thought Schofield, looking about.

"Your name, sir?" said a footman in Schofield's ear.

Schofield gave it, adding firmly: "Brother-in-law."

"This way, sir," said the footman, bowing, and led him into a smaller though no less elegant room.

A YOUNG man, pale, pinched and peevish but otherwise resembling Percy so closely that he must be his son, came forward from a group by the hearth to greet Schofield, then hesitated in surprise before this unknown and unfashionable person.

"I am your Aunt Sophia's husband," said Schofield firmly.

"Oh! Yes! I am delighted to make your acquaintance, sir," said Percy's son, bowing, flourishing a lace handkerchief and trying in vain to repress the look of distaste which had crossed his pale, weak face at Schofield's appearance. "My mother will no doubt wish. . . ."

He broke off, bethinking himself too late, as Schofield saw, that Mrs. Percy Ormerod would probably not have any great desire to see this particular visitor. "A glass of wine, sir?"

It is needless to go through all the humiliations and vexations which Schofield experienced that day: hustled aside, admitted to the company of relatives only by asserting his right to be so, icily received by Percy's widow—whose ugly, cross and decidedly elderly features explained to Schofield why she, an earl's sister, had accepted Percy in the first place—and by the former Miss Maria Ormerod, who asked him: "And how is poor Sophia?" as if Sophia were married to a baboon or a member of some similarly inferior species.

No Priestley was mentioned in Percy's will, and no invitation for the night was extended to Schofield.

Altogether when Schofield rode out of the gates of Carshaw Hall, he gave a great sigh of relief, although the rain was now heavy and continuous and the wind rising.

It would have been wise, doubtless, in view of the inclemency of the weather and the fatigue of himself and his horse, to put up for the night in Annotsfield. But Schofield was so sore and vexed, so in need of his Sophia to comfort him, that he rode straight on through the lashing downpour and, to the alarm of all at High Fold, reached home in the early hours of the morning, wet to the skin.

As his daughter Mary pulled off his boots and Sophia ran to make him a hot posset, he sneezed. "You've caught cold, Father," said Mary reproachfully. "It were always a risky do, visiting with Ormerods," replied Schofield grimly, as he sneezed again. . . .

Five days later Schofield lay in bed, surveying through half-closed eyes his family, who stood gathered about him. His cold had turned to fever, he found it difficult to draw breath and was well aware that he was about to die.

"Oh, Scofe!" wept Sophia, taking his limp roughened hand in hers. "My darling Scofe! Me and mine have cost you dear."

At this reference to his precious Amens, Schofield, with an effort, opened his eyes fully and looked at his wife. Though her lovely complexion had lost its youthful glow, to Schofield it still seemed exquisitely clear; her cheek was lined here and there, but still retained its gentle curve and softness; her beautiful eyes, faded a little from their deep blue, had still that sweet, winning, innocent air which had first made him love her, and they brimmed with fondest love as they gazed at him now. Her hair, though slightly greying, still looked wonderfully fair and felt silky to the touch; her hand which clasped his own so tenderly had lost some of its whiteness in performing a myriad services for himself and his children, but, wearing his wedding ring, was still the prettiest hand he had ever seen.

Schofield looked at the sons she had given him, tall, vigorous, handsome, warm-hearted chaps. He looked at his daughters: fine, lively, comely, virtuous girls.

His children were none of them perfect, of course; they all had some touches of wilfulness, having inherited much spirit from Sophia and more than a little Yorkshire obstinacy from himself. But they were sound at heart, merry and honest and unafraid.

Schofield smiled. Exerting all his strength, he just managed to raise his head and, looking into Sophia's eyes, exclaimed with the utmost conviction: "Eh, lass, it were worth it!"

And having thus at last expressed fully his life-long love, Schofield Priestley laid back his head and died content.

THE END

The tribe that lost its head

Continued from page 25

in the territory, and that sort of thing, and he also said "—he paused, glancing momentarily at Nicole Steuart—" that he intends to get married and that he's going to marry a white girl. . . .

"All of which adds up to a very confused situation in Gamate, with a lot of violence and rioting on the surface, and an undercurrent of continuous passive resistance to authority.

"Macmillan tells me that, as far as he can judge, the majority of the tribe are pretty solidly behind Dinamaula, and that they'd even accept a mixed marriage, if otherwise it meant losing him as chief. . . .

"Gamate is full of rumours about Dinamaula—that he's imprisoned, or going to be hanged—all sorts of things like that. There was some very bad rioting last night—the worst so far, in fact. I'm sorry to tell you that a policeman was killed."

"Who?" asked Captain Simpson, the naval aide, jerking to sudden attention. "Not Keith Crump?"

"No, no," answered the governor testily. "A *policeman*—a Maula corporal."

"Oh . . . !" said Simpson. "But that's a pretty bad show, all the same."

"Things are a great deal quieter this morning, I'm glad to say," Sir Elliott continued. "Macmillan has enrolled every available man as a special constable, and he thinks he can get things under control in a couple of days. But he is adamant "—the governor repeated and stressed the odd word—" *adamant* that Dinamaula cannot be allowed to return at present. And so am I."

The governor paused. He did not enjoy talking at such length and in such detail. After a moment, he continued: "It's quite obvious that, if he went back to Gamate, Dinamaula would continue to be the centre of revolt—he couldn't help it. He must therefore stay here in Port Victoria. With that in view, I am issuing an Order-in-Council declaring a state of emergency in Gamate and prohibiting Dinamaula from returning there."

There was a pause, which lengthened gradually to a receptive silence; it was as if no one in the room cared to add anything to so well-rounded a chapter.

Eventually the governor cleared his throat and glanced down at the slip of paper on his blotter. "I'm not quite satisfied "—he spoke carefully—" that we're doing all we can to impress on the tribe the necessity of returning to normal again. If the regents won't co-operate, it's possible that their powers will have to be suspended, and Andrew declared the sole native authority. I propose to go up to Gamate myself, in two days' time, and hold an *abouru* to explain matters to the tribe."

He looked round the room. Only Aidan Purves-Brownrigg had known in advance of this move; the faces of the others reflected their surprise.

"It will be a full-dress affair," said the governor. "I shall want *you* to come up with me"—he looked at Captain Simpson, indubitably a full-dress individual—" and you, too, David. Uniforms, of course, and—er—swords. We'll leave by train tomorrow night. . . . I think that's all," he said, looking round him, relaxing somewhat. "Thank you for coming along. . . ."

It was David Bracken's second dawn in Pharamaul; the second sunrise that he had spent on the train winding its slow way north from Port Victoria to Gamate. David shared a compartment with Captain Simpson, the naval aide.

That morning it was the same as David remembered from his last

POWER—4

Power tends to corrupt, and absolute power corrupts absolutely.

Lord Acton

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The Royal Air Force

Flying ...and a career

journey, their train stopped at a nearly deserted siding, where the single-track railway line split briefly into two, in order to take on water and allow the south-bound train to pass them.

As David prepared to leave the compartment Captain Simpson opened a bloodshot eye and peered down from the upper berth.

"Up pretty early," he remarked gruffly.

"I'm just hopping out to take a look around. I can probably get us some coffee."

Captain Simpson brightened. "Can you, by Jove? Have they tacked on a dining-car?"

"No. I'll scrounge a couple of mugs from the engine driver."

"I beg your pardon?"

"They make their own coffee in the cabin. It's pretty good."

Captain Simpson closed his eyes. "Thank you," he said stiffly. "I would prefer to wait till Gamate."

Two hours later, their party was welcomed with formality at Gamate Station. The band played, the baggage-boys stared, the policemen formed a guard of honour; Crump's tremendous salute was matched by Andrew Macmillan's grimly ceremonial greeting, while the cameras flashed and a handful of white bystanders clapped and smiled.

But presently, driving through the town towards the Residency, David was struck by its wholly dead air. The *aboura* ground itself was absolutely deserted, as if it were a special part of the earth's surface utterly damned, utterly taboo.

When he mentioned his thoughts to Llewellyn, the agricultural officer, who was driving him, the latter shook his head grimly.

"Aye, it's quiet," he agreed. "Much too quiet. . . . The town's stiff with people, but they're all keeping indoors." He looked at the dashboard clock. "Seven o'clock—that means five hours to the opening of the *aboura* At any other time, the whole place would have been jam-packed with people already—in fact, half of them would have spent the whole night there, to make sure of a good position."

"What's it mean?"

"A fiasco!" said Llewellyn laconically. "You can see it coming a mile off."

"You mean they're not going to attend?"

"No," said Llewellyn, "they're not."

At the same moment, two cars ahead of them, the governor was looking round him with puzzled eyes. "Seems extraordinarily quiet," he observed after a moment. "I suppose it's still a bit early in the day, what?"

Andrew Macmillan, beside him on the back seat of the ancient Residency limousine, stared steadfastly at the back of his chauffeur's cropped head. "It is quiet," he agreed.

"But plenty of crowds later on, eh?" pursued the governor.

"Sir," said Andrew, with difficulty, "there have been some developments. It's possible that most of the tribe will refuse to attend the *aboura*, unless Dinamaula is allowed back to Gamate."

"Oh come!" said the governor, stiffly. "That can scarcely be so, when my sole purpose in being here today is to explain why he must be kept away."

BUT at half past ten the *aboura* was still empty. David was sent off with orders to watch the *aboura* and report back on the tax office telephone. Crump took him down in the police jeep.

"You know where the phone is?" said Crump, braking the jeep sharply as it drew level with the tax office. "If I were you, I should ring up the Residency every quarter of an hour."

"Where will you be?" asked David, preparing to step down.

Crump waved his hand vaguely. "Around! I'll come back here in about half an hour." He put the jeep into gear. "Good luck," he said. And then, surprisingly: "Lock yourself into the inner office if things get tough. I'll bail you out myself for certain." Then he was gone.

David looked cautiously about him. He stood in isolation at the top end of the *aboura;* before him was a space three hundred feet square, of bare brown earth beaten level by countless generations of Maulas, and now entirely deserted.

Directly across from him, under the arid thorn trees, was a group of people; he could make out several pressmen—Tulbach Browne and Pikkie Joubert among them. There was the prominent white habit of Father Hawthorne, the small brown figure of Father Schwemmer; and Oosthuizen's enormous bulk towering over them all.

There was a handful of other white spectators—Fellows from the Gamate Hotel, one of the doctors from the hospital, a couple of nurses in trim blue uniforms. But in the whole circle, only three black faces were visible: Voice Tula, the tribal interpreter, and two of Crump's native policemen.

In front of David was the loudspeaker and the control panel of the public address system. He retreated into the shadows of the tax office and picked up the telephone.

Unexpectedly, Captain Simpson answered his call with a bare moment's delay.

"What's the form, old boy?"

"Not too encouraging," answered David. "In fact, there's no one here at all, at the moment."

"I say!" said Captain Simpson. "That's a pretty bad show, isn't it? I must tell H. E."

"Do that. . . ." David looked at his watch. It was eleven o'clock. "I'll ring again in a quarter of an hour."

He replaced the receiver and went out into the sunlight again. After a moment he set out, determinedly, to traverse the empty ground towards the press correspondents.

The group of pressmen opened outwards as he approached. Tulbach Browne smiled a thin smile of welcome. Clandestine Lebourget and a news cameraman took a few quick shots. Pikkie Joubert nodded, Axel Hallmarck regarded him with sharp, weasel attention. Father Hawthorne stared with burning eyes at a point two feet above his head.

David did not know what to say and, therefore, said the first thing that came into his mind.

"*Ahsula!*" he said, and raised his hand in the formal Maula salute.

There was a vague murmur in reply. One single man answered him directly. It was Voice Tula, standing dutifully at one side, ready to help. "*Ahsula!*" said Voice Tula, and bowed.

After a pause Tulbach Browne asked, ironically: "What time is the meeting?"

"Twelve o'clock," answered David.

"It is still on?" asked Axel Hallmarck.

"Yes," said David.

"Man!" said Pikkie Joubert, "those niggers had better hurry up."

"When is the governor coming down?" asked Noblesse O'Toole, throwing away one flash bulb and substituting another.

"At eleven forty-five," answered David.

"How will he be dressed?"

"The same as me, roughly."

"Only wearing more medals, one supposes," said Tulbach Browne blandly.

Among the huts at the upper end of the *aboura* the police jeep came into view with Keith Crump at the wheel, square and trim in his full-dress whites, and a policeman by his side.

Once more the circle of correspondents opened outwards as Crump, stepping briskly from the driving-seat, strode towards them.

Crump saluted David as he drew near—to the latter's surprise. He suddenly realized that Crump was indicating the necessity for putting on a show, and he returned the salute with equal gravity and ceremony.

"Any news?" he asked.

"Yes," answered Crump in crisp tones. "The tribe is being prevented from reaching the *aboura*." He was speaking half to David, half to the ring of correspondents who stood within earshot. "The opposition have managed to put a pretty effective cordon round the *aboura* ground. No one can get through."

"That means," said David, conscious also of a public audience, "that the *aboura* can't be held."

"No," answered Crump. "Not in the present circumstances."

The pressmen drew closer, surrounding the two of them. "What 'opposition'?" asked Tulbach Browne. "What kind of an effective cordon do you mean?"

Crump looked at him, his glance cold, his bearing stiff. "There's a sort of noose round the whole *aboura*," he answered after a pause. "All the paths and approaches are guarded. There's a rough element at work as well. It's impossible to break through."

DAVID became aware that other people were joining their group: Oosthuizen and Fellows walked towards them, and then some of the nurses from the hospital. There was a general murmur of comment. He raised his voice.

"It's obvious," he said, "that there's an organized boycott of the *aboura*. But apart from that, the people who actually want to attend are being kept away."

"Who by?" asked Pikkie Joubert.

"The gangster element in the tribe."

"Can we quote you on 'gangster element'?" asked Tulbach Browne, faintly menacing.

"Yes," said David hardily. "There's a definite strong-arm organization — you can call them gangsters—who are keeping people away from the *aboura*."

Pencils were busy as he finished his sentence. *Bang goes my career,* he thought, nervous and reckless at the same time. But something in Crump's confident bearing made him totally unwilling to retract what he had said.

A new ally raised his voice nearby. "It's a bloody disgrace!" said Oosthuizen, solid fury in his voice. "This is the governor's *aboura*. It happens once in ten years—in twenty years! Now, they're staying away from it, just because some bloody agitators tell them to."

"They could be staying away from it because they want to," said Tulbach Browne.

David detached himself from the group, and spoke privately to Crump. "It's about time I reported again," he said. "Will you take me back to the tax office?"

Back in the uncertain, heat-hammered shelter of the tax office the clock showed 11.25 as once more David dialled the private line to the Residency.

This time Andrew Macmillan himself answered. Andrew's voice was severely controlled and totally revealing: he sounded all that he was at this moment of Maula history—grim, intent and powerless.

"The situation's the same," David told him, in answer to his query. "There's nobody here at all. There is a cordon round the *aboura*, though it doesn't show on the surface."

"Is Crump there with you?"

"Yes."

"Ask him if it would be possible to open up one end of the *aboura*, using whatever force is necessary, and let a small number of people through."

David repeated the question; Crump gave his answer, in a few short phrases.

"He says," relayed David, "that he *could* make a passage into the *aboura*, concentrating all his men, but

MY BROTHER Frank

WHEN my brother Frank was a child he was very delicate, and it was thought he would not live to reach his teens. He is now over eighty.

There were eleven children in our family, five boys and six girls, and we lived with our parents in the lovely village of Harpenden in Hertfordshire. Because of his ill health, Frank did not go to school until he was twelve, so he had lessons at home with an elder sister.

As he was unable to join in games with his brothers and friends he had a lot of time in which to amuse himself. It was therefore a happy thought of my brother James to give him a box of paints for a present. Frank was immediately interested, and years later he painted the portrait of himself as a child which is reproduced above.

On one occasion, I remember, he was so eager to get to work with his paints that he hurriedly took a cup from the breakfast table and filled it with water to mix his colours, without noticing the sugar remaining at the bottom of the cup. That was more than seventy years ago, but the grit of the sugar is still engrained in the painting.

I was very curious to know what my brother was up to when he started collecting all sorts of odd kitchen utensils. He would secretly carry these off to his tool-shed, where he worked away for hours. One night, just before going to bed, he invited me into the kitchen and showed me the result of his labour—a model of a steam engine.

We put it on the gas ring, and there was a breathless pause as we waited for an explosion. But it worked perfectly, and soon the rest of the family gathered round to join in the excitement.

All this time Frank was under careful treatment and was steadily growing stronger. One of my elder brothers thought it time to take his career in hand and apprenticed him in the family's stained glass works. Although he worked for his brother, Frank was assured that he would not have any privileges.

Being a member of the family often did count, however. If there was not enough money in the bank to pay all the wages, the young apprentice had to wait for his five shillings salary.

But the discipline of his long and arduous apprenticeship in the glass business has enabled Frank to formulate his motto, to which he has always adhered: "Never wait for the inspiration—work for it."

WHO IS THIS FAMOUS BROTHER? See page 44

ENJOY THE CHANGE . . .

dunhill

20 for 3/8
10 for 1/10

FILTER CIGARETTES

that no one would use it. Most of them don't want to and the rest are scared." He paused. "I think we'll have to call it off."

"Not until twelve o'clock!" answered Andrew harshly.

"That's half an hour," said David, glancing at his wrist watch. "There's just one thing we might still try," he went on. "I don't know whether it would work."

"What's that?" asked Andrew.

"Round up the regents. Say what a disgrace it is to the tribe, not to attend the governor's *aboura*. Ask them to use their influence and bring a few of their people to the meeting."

"What does Keith think?" asked Andrew after a moment.

David raised his eyebrows in Crump's direction. "What about it?"

"It won't work," said Crump glumly. "But I don't mind trying it."

"He says yes," said David.

"All right," answered Andrew Macmillan, after a second of hesitation. "I don't think it will work, but we'd better try everything."

"He's on his way already," answered David. It was true. Crump was even now pushing his way through the screen door, and a moment later the jeep's engine started up with a decisive roar.

LEFT to himself, David stood uncertainly at the tax office door, looking out across the *aboura*.

It was twenty minutes before the time appointed for the governor's great *aboura*, and still no single Maula was to be seen.

Crump was quickly back. He said: "That was a waste of time."

"What happened?" asked David. "Did you see the regents?"

"They sent a message," answered Crump ironically. "They're still ill. They can't come. In fact, they had almost forgotten there was such a thing as an *aboura* today. . . ."

Once more David looked at his watch. It was five minutes to twelve. He was still unwilling to concede defeat, and especially to be the herald of it.

"Is there any more news, otherwise?"

"Another of my chaps was beaten up, down by the post office. He was trying to lead a couple of old people through to the *aboura*, but he was chased away." Crump sighed, laying his helmet down on the table. "It's just not our day."

This time, when David dialled the Residency, the governor himself answered the telephone.

"Ah, David!" said the governor, on a confident note. "What news have you for us?"

"There's no one here, sir," answered David unwillingly. "The situation's the same as before. Crump tried to get the regents to come to the *aboura*, and bring some of their people, but they refused. I'm afraid it's no good."

"No good?" repeated the governor, as if he could scarcely believe his ears.

"No, sir. It seems to be a complete boycott."

The wires fell silent between them for so long an interval that David had an idea that the governor might have fainted dead away. But presently his voice came through again, as stiff and precise as ever.

"Extraordinary business!" said the governor. "I suppose we should make an announcement."

"Yes, sir!" said David.

"*You* make it, there's a good fellow," said the governor, as though struck with a thoroughly constructive idea. "Wait until twelve o'clock. Then just say that the *aboura* is cancelled."

"Very well, sir!"

David turned away from the telephone. He looked at Keith Crump, now comfortably settled in an armchair.

"Poor old boy!" said Crump, without a great deal of feeling. "Was he very depressed?"

"Difficult to tell," answered David. He felt a sudden mood of formal, heroic determination. Someone had to make a good end to this fiasco. That someone had better be himself. "What's the Maula phrase," he asked, "for 'the *aboura* is cancelled'?"

"That's easy," answered Crump, grinning widely. "*Aboura i faanga.*"

"*Aboura i fanga,*" repeated David inexpertly.

"Longer vowels," corrected Crump. "*Faanga. . . . Faanga. . . .*"

"*Aboura i faanga,*" said David.

"Fine!" said Crump.

David pushed his way through the screen door. The *aboura* ground was still defiantly empty. At the lower end the correspondents were all watching him. He switched on the microphone.

"I have an official announcement to make," he intoned. His echoing voice swept the deserted space in front of him. "The *aboura* is cancelled. . . . The *aboura* is cancelled. . . . *Aboura i faanga. . . . Aboura i faanga.*"

As the echo of his voice faded, the press correspondents swiftly broke their ranks, and started to hurry towards him. For some few seconds that was the only visible movement. But then, with deliberate unconcern, other men and women—Maula men, Maula women—began to appear in twos and threes between the grey huts, and presently, without intent or yet without hesitation, to move on to the *aboura* ground, in a steady black encroachment, shamefully free, shamefully released from care. . . .

On that night in Pharamaul the focus of violence was naturally the town of Gamate. The whole *aboura* was given over to riot; riot by torchlight, with shrieks and savage dancing, and the burning of huts and buildings.

Some oxen which had been outspanned at the lower end of the *aboura* were stampeded out into the open and driven to and fro with cruel goading and finally slaughtered. Men and women tore off strips of flesh and crammed them into their bloody mouths; other men, and other women too, smeared themselves with the smoking entrails and advanced prancing and screaming on the police post (the tax office having been burned to the ground) and were only driven off with fearful effort.

Long past midnight the crowds danced and stamped among the corpses of men and animals on the *aboura*. Katsaula lay deep in fever, and Seralo, the oldest of the regents, turned his face to the wall, wishing to shut out for ever the evil sounds that smote his old ears; and Puero, in drunken exultation, led the wildest of the young men in a roaring foray against the hut of a headman who had refused to join in the boycott, and burned him and his wife and his two children alive.

On that night in Pharamaul the calmest and coolest man was probably the governor and commander-in-chief, Sir Elliott Vere-Toombs, as he sat in his private railway carriage, rumbling its way southwards on the return journey to Port Victoria.

He had left Andrew Macmillan, his resident commissioner, depressed and grimly apologetic. The governor was not at all sure about Macmillan, who had proved himself, in the past, a strong and capable man. But a strong man in decay was worse than any other sort of man, because his reputation promised something which he could not now deliver.

He still could not quite make up his mind about Andrew, though he was glad that he had left David Bracken behind in Gamate, under the general heading of "liaison."

On that night in Pharamaul, in a flat in the trim residential suburb of Port Victoria, a forlorn Nicole Steuart prepared to go to bed.

SHE missed David very much, even though he was away, according to plan, for less than forty-eight hours. She was comforted by the fact that, this time tomorrow, he would be back in Port Victoria again.

Hurry back! she thought, as she shed her light silk robe and climbed into bed.

When the telephone rang, and she heard David's voice from far away, she thought for a moment that she must have already fallen asleep and that this was a tantalizing dream.

"But darling!" she said, aghast, when she realized fully that it was David who was speaking. "Where are you? Why aren't you in the train?"

"I've got to stay here," David told her glumly. "H. E. wanted one of the staff to keep in direct touch with things at Gamate. So I'm staying on."

"But how long for?"

"I don't know, darling. Until things settle down again, I suppose."

"Where are you?"

"At the Residency, with Andrew Macmillan."

Nicole returned to what was uppermost in her mind. "I was counting the hours, darling. I was counting the *miles*. You should have been more than half-way here by now."

"Well, it proves one thing," said David, his voice lower still, for fear of being overheard.

"What?" asked Nicole.

"It's time we were married."

"Yes," said Nicole, "it certainly proves that. . . . Darling," she said, relaxing, "don't go away for a long, long time. Tell me *everything* that's happened. . . ."

On that night in the same town of Port Victoria, four men slipped furtively into the hallway of a house down by the dock area. In the semi-darkness they were challenged by a man who stood sentinel at the foot of the stairs. When he saw how many figures had crowded into the hallway he said curtly, in the Maula tongue: "The chief will see one man only," and Zuva Katsaula walked forward.

He climbed the stairs swiftly and knocked at the only door on the darkened landing above. A voice called: "Come in," and Dinamaula, his cousin, stood up as he entered.

"*Ahsula!*" said Dinamaula formally.

"*Ahsula!*" returned Zuva, in a conspiratorial note, as he came forward. He looked at Dinamaula his cousin, Dinamaula whose title was Prince of Gamate, Ruler and Kingbreaker, and it was hard to recognize him in the weary, dispirited young man who now stood before him.

He held out his hand. "Cheer up!" he said, with all the confidence he could muster. "Things are really happening. From now on you don't have to worry at all."

"What things?" asked Dinamaula.

"The *aboura* in Gamate was a hell of a flop," Zuva told him gleefully. "The poor old governor went up there, swords and feathers and everything, and no one turned up at all. Man, that must have been really something!"

DINAMAULA sat down and motioned Zuva into the opposite chair. "Tell me what took place," said Dinamaula, using the formal Maula phrases, "today in the town of Gamate."

Zuva set to work to tell him, painting a derisive picture of authority mocked, tribal solidarity triumphant, mutiny in the ascendant. For many a young man in Dinamaula's place it would have made a happy picture, for Dinamaula it seemed to come as a confirmation of the worst of his fears.

His only comment at the end was: "I wonder what Mr. Macmillan thinks of all this."

"You don't have to worry about Macmillan, or anyone else," said Zuva. "I tell you the whole tribe's behind you. All they want is a lead."

"What lead?" asked Dinamaula. He motioned with his hand round the room. "I live in this room. I cannot talk to my people, I cannot succeed as chief. I have to report to the police once every day. What lead can I give?"

Zuva looked at him. The aura of defeat was overwhelming, but still he persevered.

"All the people are ready," he maintained stoutly. "They are ready here in Port Victoria. They are waiting for you in your town of Gamate. And in Shebiya"—he paused—"in Shebiya they have taken an oath to drive out the white man and make you chief of all Pharamaul."

For the first time Dinamaula looked at him with full attention. "I have heard of such an oath," he said quietly.

"Gotwela may well wish to drive out the white man. He does *not* wish to see me chief of Pharamaul."

"That will follow," said Zuva. "You need friends. Gotwela could be a friend. When you are back in the chair of rule in Gamate we can decide such small details."

"I will never return to the chair of rule with such friends. I would not wish to do so. Above all," said Dinamaula, "I do not want to drive out the white man. Such talk is nonsense."

Zuva stood up. "I do not agree," he said hardly. "This is a class struggle. The forces of reaction cannot stand in the way of progress."

"I also want progress," said Dinamaula. "Progress for my people, progress for this country. This black and white country."

"While you have been thinking

MY BROTHER FRANK

See page 42

Frank O. Salisbury, the famous portrait painter, is Miss S. Salisbury's brother

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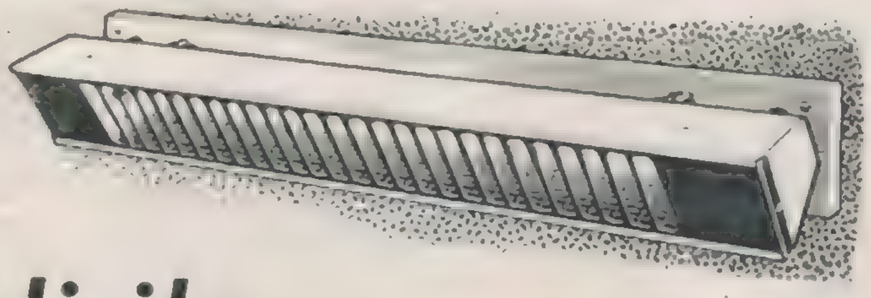

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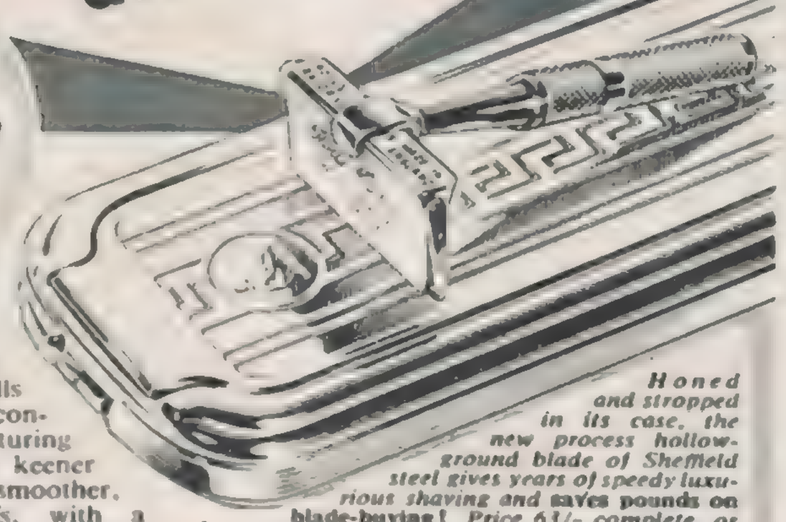

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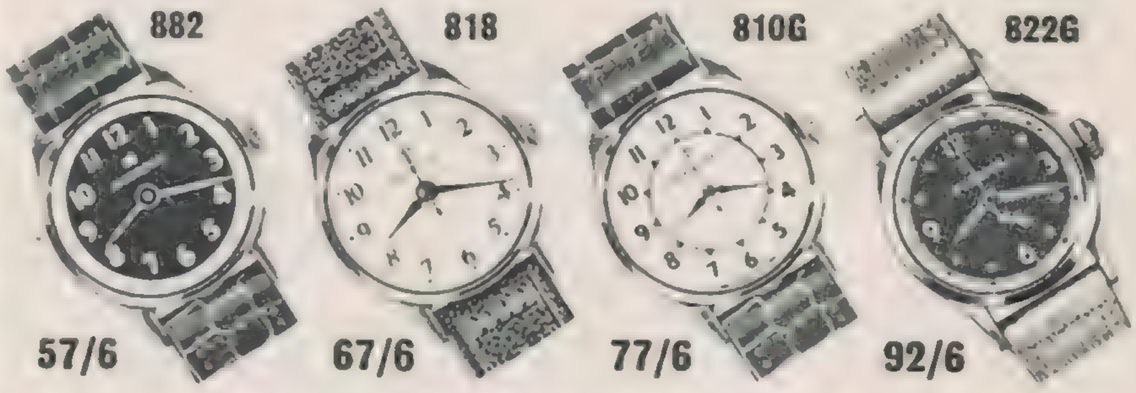

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these strange thoughts," said Zuva, contemptuously, "your friends have been acting and fighting. In Shebiya, they have taken the solemn oath. In Gamate, they have refused to greet the governor. And here in Port Victoria——" he smiled, as if conscious of playing a trump card, "—here, there is actually, on this very evening, a strike."

"A strike?" repeated Dinamaula, surprised. "What strike is this? Where is the strike?"

"Where it will hurt the white man most," said Zuva ironically. "In the Pharamaul club. . . ."

In England meanwhile, the Pharamaul situation had become urgent enough for a full-scale debate in the House of Commons.

Sir Hubert Godbold, Permanent Under-Secretary for the Scheduled Territories Office, listened to that debate as he had listened to countless others, from the customary civil service vantage-point: the modest cubbyhole to the right of the Speaker's chair and directly underneath the Press Gallery.

Whenever he watched debates affecting the S.T.O., he could never rid himself of the notion that the whole thing was his personal responsibility.

Out there at the Despatch Box, his minister might declaim, thunder, persuade, or give way—but the minister was Godbold's own nominee, going through certain strictly defined motions of strategy, and emerging either as a credit or a forlorn disappointment to his trainer. . . .

"I tell you, sir," said the Hon. Member for Hutton Baskerville, an earnest young Labour supporter. "I tell you that unless we right the wicked wrong which we are doing in Pharamaul, unless we restore this gifted young chief to the throne of his forefathers, our name will go down to infamy; and"—he concluded, somewhat lamely—"it'll be entirely our own fault."

Emrys Price-Canning had not yet spoken: with his usual excellent sense of timing he had left it to one of his friends to raise the matter of Pharamaul on the adjournment, and was conserving his energies for the final assault. Then Lord Lorde would reply for the government; and Lord Lorde, as usual, was at the heart of Godbold's misgivings.

Major the Hon. George Bellows, having caught the Speaker's eye, embarked on a rambling speech while Godbold mused further on Lord Lorde, and the chances that he would show up well or ill.

He suddenly became aware that the chamber was filling up, responding to the odd, potent grapevine that seemed to operate at any hour of the day or night, throughout the whole vast building.

It meant that Emrys Price-Canning would be the next Member to catch the Speaker's eye.

GODBOLD looked closely at Emrys Price-Canning, as the latter rose from his customary position just below the Opposition gangway. Emrys Price-Canning looked exactly what he was—a fighting rebel.

Price-Canning had spent his entire public life of nearly forty years in uncompromising opposition. As the Independent Member for South Oxford for the last thirty-eight years, he had long been accepted as a freelance firebrand, distrusted by all parties and inexplicably adored by his constituents.

Price-Canning started slowly, as he always did when he knew he was on to a good thing. You had to hand it to him, thought Godbold, as he listened. There he stood, gesturing widely, tossing back his mane of hair, scoring points all over the place; while the House enjoyed the performance, the Front Bench looked grim, and Lord Lorde, who would shortly have to reply, affected so careful an unconcern that he must surely be writhing at the bleak prospect of responsibility.

"I can't for the life of me see how the government can justify their policy," Price-Canning was saying. "*They* say there's a crisis in Pharamaul and they have to take emergency measures and emergency powers. *They* say Dinamaula is the cause of all this, and so Dinamaula has to be kept out of the way, indefinitely. *They* say just leave it to us and to our lads on the spot and everything will be all right."

He drew an impatient breath and gestured with a wide, sweeping, satirical motion. "*I* say, and I hope the House will follow me, that there's not a tittle of evidence to justify all this strong-arm stuff and that if we *do* leave it to the lads on the spot—and we've heard quite a bit about them already—we are automatically abdicating our right of directing Britain's colonial policy. There's another word for abdication, an ugly word, and that word is—*cowardice!*"

In the slight pause that followed, the stir of reaction to the strong staccato thrust of "cowardice," Godbold pulled a pad towards him and scribbled three sentences—*Plenty of evidence of threats and violence affecting public order*, he wrote. *Nine murders and countless riots already. Quite enough to justify emergency measures.* Then he initialled it and, folding it over, passed it to a messenger to give to Lord Lorde.

"Cowardice!" cried Emrys Price-Canning, with a theatricality which would have been inexcusable in a man who lived less near the footlights of history. "What crimes are committed in thy name . . . ? Are we in this House—whatever our party allegiance—really going to sit back and let nature take its course in Pharamaul? Nature, I might remind you, as dictated and organized by petty officials who do not scruple to describe their charges as gangsters?"

He smoothed over an interruption with a careless hand, as if quelling a small disorder in the nursery. "Cannot we have the guts to say, here and now: all right—we've made a mistake—we'll turn the page and try a fresh start—we'll bring back Dinamaula and make him chief, and see how things work out? Can't we make an honest effort at reconstruction in Pharamaul—forget the past, look to the future?"

He was nearing his peroration. The House was deadly quiet. Lord Lorde was still staring fixedly at Godbold's note, as if it were a charm. . . .

"There may have been a few minor disturbances in Pharamaul—but who is to say what gross provocation led to them? What do you think happens to a tribe when its leader is spirited away? What iron enters into their soul? Would not you or I behave in exactly the same way, if we were a simple, pastoral people provoked in this brutal and cynical fashion?

"The reasons for keeping Dinamaula from the throne of his forefathers are manufactured reasons. They will disappear, melt away, as soon as he is allowed back. And when that happens"—Price-Canning looked round him and then directly at Lord Lorde—"when that happens, I hope the Right Honourable Gentleman opposite will have the grace to admit that he has been stampeded into hasty action by three things—bad advice, rumours of disturbance and rumours of a marriage which, if it reflects anything at all, reflects great credit on the womanhood of Britain.

"I say I *hope* he will admit that in all honesty. If he does so, I don't think he will find the House, or the country, vindictive or unforgiving. If he does *not*, he will learn to his cost that the price of stiff-necked pride is the price which we in this very House once exacted from an even more illustrious transgressor, Charles the First—and that is a permanently stiff neck!"

When he sat down the ground-swell of "Hear! Hear!" and the roar of damaging laughter seemed to sound, for the government side, the knell of their policy.

Godbold was deeply worried and he was not the only one to be so. As the next stop-gap speaker droned on, he noticed a single, silent, withdrawn figure standing in the artificial twilight behind the Speaker's chair, listening to the debate. There could have been no better illustration of its crucial importance than that one attentive man. It was the Prime Minister.

It happened that the two of them were friends of long standing: they had been up at Oxford together nearly forty years earlier. Thereafter their paths had diverged widely.

Godbold watched now as the Prime Minister came towards him. "Well, Hubert," said the P.M.

"Good evening, Prime Minister," returned Godbold. Save in private he never strayed an inch outside the appropriate formality. "An interesting debate."

"Fascinating . . . !" The Prime Minister nodded. "We might have to yield a point or two."

"I hope not, sir."

"You're absolutely sure of your facts?"

"Yes, sir. There's deep unrest in the tribe, and the possibility of more bloodshed. Dinamaula focuses it, whether innocently or not. He must be kept out."

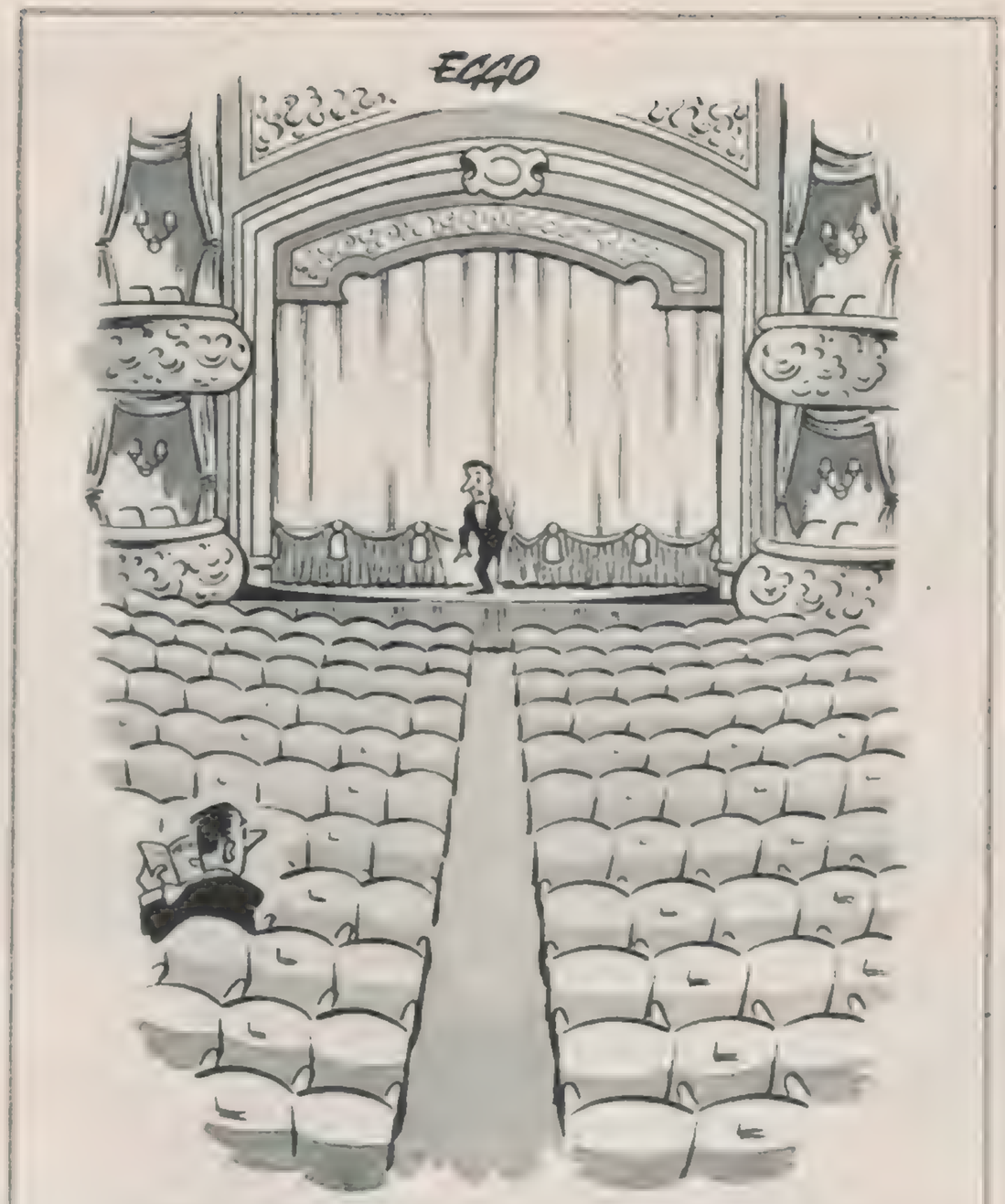
The Prime Minister stared ahead of him into the lighted body of the chamber. He said: "What do you want Lorde to say now?"

"Just to stick to the brief. Be consistent and firm. He might even say—" Godbold paused, knowing that what he suggested now was almost certain to be passed on to Lord Lorde—"he might even start by saying he's sorry."

"Weak!" said the P.M. "Dangerous!"

"Worth taking a chance, though. If he could just"—Godbold gestured—"just sound perfectly frank, perfectly reasonable, but convinced that we have to do what we're doing in the interests of public order. Ask for a chance to prove that he's right."

The Prime Minister nodded and straightened up. He walked with a firm step towards his place on the Front Bench and then, passing his accustomed seat, sat down beside Lord Lorde and fell into deep and earnest conversation with the Secretary of State. . . .



"You wouldn't happen to be a doctor, I suppose?"

THERE were many members of the House of Commons prepared to swear that Lord Lorde's speech in reply that night was the best thing he had ever done, the persuasive peak of his career.

He adopted at the outset a rôle which the House always found it hard to resist—the rôle of the penitent. It was not a long speech, nor as detailed and laboured in rebuttal as most ministerial efforts tended to be. It was simply an exercise in the art of persuasion.

Lord Lorde dealt first with Price-Canning's own plea for a reversal of policy in Pharamaul. He did not, he said, wish to question the sincerity of the Hon. Member's own reports from the territory. For his own part, the best available sources seemed to confirm that the situation in Pharamaul was *not* normal, nor likely to be so for some considerable time.

"There is," he said, quoting almost verbatim the note which Godbold had passed on to him earlier, "ample evidence of threats and violence affecting public order. I need not remind the House that there have been nine murders and countless riots already. We must, on our side, regard this as quite enough to justify the emergency measures we have taken. In such an explosive situation, we have a clear duty to safeguard life and property. Part of that duty, regrettable though it may seem, has necessitated the detention of Dinamaula in Port Victoria, some distance from the immediate danger area."

Lord Lorde continued: "Whether accidentally or not, Dinamaula is the centre of unrest. You may not agree with our view that he has been unwise in his expressions of opinion; but you can hardly deny that they have led to grave disturbances within the tribe. I should perhaps add that he is *not* being kept away because of the rumours of his intended marriage to a white girl, though it is perfectly true that the prospect of such a mixed marriage has shocked and divided the tribe."

At that point there came the only interruption—an anonymous voice calling out: "They seem to like it all right now!"

Lord Lorde shook his head, eminently reasonable, eminently firm. "I can assure the Hon. Member that it is still a point of division and doubt, particularly among the conservative element. . . . But, basically, Dinamaula has been removed not because of this rumoured marriage, but because his expressed opinions, and some of his actions, and some of the reactions of

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UNUSUAL SOUPS

By EVELYN LAYE

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How many tears must have been shed making onion soup! But never again! From now on it's "onion soup without tears"—that's the Batchelors way. Everything's chopped and sliced for you. It's a really wonderful soup with all that tangy onion flavour that the French love so, combined with a thick creamy taste that is new and exciting.

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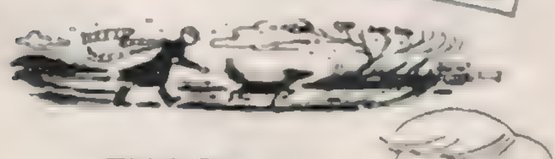

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his immediate followers, have contributed directly to tribal unrest. The Maulas are split. Their minds and loyalties are confused. It is our task now to compose and heal these differences, these confusions."

Godbold listened in honest amazement as Lord Lorde embarked on his peroration. The man was purging a whole lifetime of futility.

"In this matter of Pharamaul I would ask the House to reserve judgment and give us a chance to prove we are right. I would ask them to help us by watching the position carefully, as we ourselves shall watch it.

"At one point in this debate," he concluded, "a Commission of Inquiry was suggested. I do *not* agree—I must be firm on this point—that now is the moment for it. But I can assure the House that if things *do* deteriorate, we shall not refuse the fullest public examination. Indeed, my own political honour would be involved, if we did *not* take such a course."

IT was at that point that the debate faded out, like a brief summer storm, on an astonishing note of anticlimax. Though earlier it had seemed a very near thing, at the end there was throughout the chamber a patent willingness to suspend judgment, to wait and see.

That was all Godbold had wanted—a breathing-space. . . .

The Pharamaul club strike lasted five days. In the end the club servants returned only on the promise of a five shillings a month all-round increase.

As a strike, it had perceptible elements of humour; but in another part of the town—the dock area—there was a strike of another sort, with very different implications.

It started with a tavern brawl, involving some sailors off a small coastal freighter, and a Maula waiter who had been serving them. Either he was not quick enough for their liking, or he answered back, or he brought the wrong change, or he spilt some beer on a sleeve or a trouser leg—versions differed widely. But whatever it was, it sparked a murderous riot.

The unsatisfactory Maula servant was first sworn at and then roughly assaulted; some of his friends joined in, with ugly intent; the sailors were forced to retreat, one with a torn scalp, another with a knife wound in the shoulder. Ill-contented with this, they marched swaggering down the main dock street, shouting and shoving people off the pavement, followed by a crowd which hemmed them into a corner and seemed ripe to give them a bloody manhandling, if nothing worse.

The pushing and jostling, the catcalls, the wild black faces, the steady

"I think we were right to choose the fish"

drone of anger and threat, proved too much for their nerves. One of them drew a gun and shot a Maula through the head. Then they made good their retreat and, backed by the threat of the gun, fought their way back to their ship.

It sailed inconspicuously with the tide that night. It was the last ship to do so for a very long time.

The dead Maula was a stevedore, a a man famous for his strength and endurance, a shift-boss who had many friends. At dawn the following day, after a mass meeting at the dockside, every single Maula employed in the dock area—stevedores, crane-men, winch-men, firemen, checkers, oilers, messengers, berthing-parties, pilots' boatmen—walked off the job and vanished without trace into the town.

While the authorities investigated and dug up what witnesses they could, the docks and the harbour seemed to fall dead at a single stroke. Ships could not sail, ships could not enter, cargoes could not be moved; many of the new arrivals had to anchor in the long ground-swell off-shore, unable to establish contact, or to find a vacant berth for themselves, or even discover what was happening. It was as if that particular corner of the island were tainted by plague; no one could enter, no one had the strength to leave.

After an emergency meeting with his advisers, at several levels, the governor, as a first step, tried to find out who was behind it all. He failed utterly in this search; so did the police. Dinamaula disclaimed all knowledge; his cousin Zuva, who was staying with him, returned a blank, impertinent negative to all inquiries, while his "bodyguard" smirked and rolled their eyes.

The governor, back at his desk in the secretariat after abortive conference with the police, decided to wait and see if the thing would blow over, rather than to make himself and the police and the town councillors ridiculous by searching for a man, or men, who did not seem to be there at all. . . . In any case, there was no further violence in the town, simply a denial of activity. And what he had to deal with was only a shadow of what now began to happen two hundred miles to the northwards in Gamate. . . .

To be continued next week

The one that got away

Continued from page 23

and perspiring from head to foot. Manhard was in a similar condition. Several fire buckets full of clay stood on the dirty floor. They could not talk their way out of such a situation.

After a few minutes, there was a tap on the door, and somebody gave the agreed password. Manhard unlocked the door and the look-out man from the room upstairs came in.

"For God's sake, don't make that noise again!" he said. "The guards heard it and leaned right out of the tower listening. They were looking in the right direction, too. Whatever were you doing?"

"There's a great lump of rock in the way," von Werra replied. "I was trying to lever it loose with the crowbar."

"It was like an earth tremor. You'll have to find some other way."

For safety's sake, they decided to close down for the rest of the day. When they had cleaned up, they consulted the other members of the "Company." Thereafter, whenever the digging was hard, diversion crews went into action. A group of prisoners played *Skat*, a noisy German card game, in the corner room by the tower, with the window wide open, shouting and quarrelling at the tops of their voices. At the same time and in the same room, Leutnant Bruns gave a recital on the very old and inefficient portable gramophone. He had only one record: "Hutch" singing "Begin The Beguine" on one side and "I Paid For The Lie That I Told You" on the other. When Bruns got tired of winding up the gramophone and turning the record over, a prisoner played a harmonica for a while.

An alternative diversion was provided by practice sessions of a twenty-man choir under the direction of Leutnant Fritz Bein, a Stuka pilot with one leg encased in plaster.

As the tunnel grew in length, another problem became increasingly acute: ventilation. Many attempts were made to get a supply of fresh air to the tunnel face, but none was successful.

Progress became painfully slow. The length of time a digger could stay at the face grew steadily shorter. It was no longer possible for him to half-fill a bucket and pull it back down the tunnel after him. The soil now had to be placed in a kit bag which was pulled out of the tunnel on a length of plaited string. Only a few pounds could be put into the sack at a time, otherwise the string broke.

The stage was reached when a digger could not stay at the tunnel face longer than a few minutes. He then crawled backwards down the tunnel and stood up in the shaft, sweating, gasping, retching. Going up to the face and back was like completing the length of a swimming bath under water. After two or three trips the diggers were in a state of collapse and had blinding headaches. It was as much as they could do to fill six fire buckets a day. And the tunnel was not half completed.

At the end of each day's work, Manhard and von Werra were dead-beat, haggard and thoroughly depressed. Prisoner-of-war rations were quite inadequate for the strenuous work they were doing and they missed the calories of the lost midday meal. It seemed pointless to continue, for unless they could find some means of getting fresh air they could not hope to complete the tunnel. But neither man put his fears and discouragement in words. Each morning they returned to work with stubborn hope.

Then fate played the diggers a mean practical joke. Von Werra returned tremendously excited from a brief spell at the face. He told Manhard that the soil had suddenly become soft and easy to dig. Manhard hurriedly took his turn at the face. He came back a few minutes later, fighting for breath, a savage grin on his face.

"This," he said, "is where the

up
stairs

down
stairs

on
the
stairs

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Swanwick Tiefbau A.G. goes bust. There's a sewer pipe bang across the tunnel bore—completely blocking it."

Von Werra went up to the face to look, and then came back and slumped down on the bed. Manhard stood beside the window keeping watch. They did not look at one another or speak. They were utterly dejected and ready to throw in their hand. In the silence the whole scheme hung in the balance.

"We obviously can't go under it," von Werra said at last. "We should be below water level—and it's always wet under pipes, anyway. The pipe must run down the middle of the lane . . . where the sentries walk. The earth above the pipe will be loose: it's a filled-in trench. If we attempt to go over the top the roof may well collapse, especially if there's a thaw followed by rain. . . . A sentry might find himself swallowed up by a hole in the ground." Von Werra gave a wry grin. "Almost bound to arouse his suspicions!"

"Hell!" said Manhard. "Over the top and chance it! We'll have to shore up very carefully, that's all."

Von Werra could have hugged him.

As it turned out, the sewage pipe proved to be the salvation of the tunnel—but not before total disaster had been narrowly averted.

With the utmost caution, they excavated over the obstacle. They had to go back a few yards, sloping the roof of the tunnel upwards, using the earth to raise the level of the floor correspondingly, so that the top of the pipe would eventually be flush with the floor. It took them several days to complete this preliminary operation.

At last Manhard began to extend the roof over the pipe. Von Werra was at the bottom of the shaft, emptying soil from the kit bag into a bucket. Suddenly, there was a rumble at the far end of the tunnel. He could no longer see the light where Manhard was working.

VON WERRA went up the tunnel like a rabbit bolting from a ferret. Manhard was kicking madly, but stopped as soon as he felt his companion's hands. Von Werra inched forward over Manhard's legs and as soon as he reached the fall he jabbed his fingers into the earth, pulling armfuls of it back towards him and to one side.

After a few seconds, Manhard began to kick again. Von Werra retreated, grabbed him by the ankles, digging his broken nails into the slimy, perspiring flesh to get a better grip, and heaved with a strength engendered by desperation. Manhard moved back a few inches, displacing more soil. Some more heaves and then von Werra could hear Manhard choking, fighting for breath. Another heave and another, and Manhard was free.

Von Werra collapsed on to his arms. He was finished. He seemed to be spinning giddily through black space. There was a singing and a banging in his ears. He hovered on the threshold of unconsciousness, then slowly returned. He raised his head.

A breath of cold, dank air stole back along the foetid tunnel.

He gulped fresh air.

He shook Manhard's leg.

"Air, Manhard! Air!"

Manhard lay still, gasping and spluttering. As he began to recover his senses, he panicked.

"Out!" he cried. "For God's sake, get out! We'll both be buried alive. Whole roof's fallen in. Over the pipe."

"Easy, Walter!" von Werra replied calmly. "Find the lamp. Let's have a look at the damage. The chief thing is, we've got air now!"

Manhard calmed down and began digging for the lamp, but could not find it. When von Werra thought he and his companion had regained sufficient confidence, they both left the tunnel and rested for a while. They were badly shaken and were tempted to close down for the day. But they went on looking by turns and eventually uncovered the lamp.

The damage proved to be less serious than they had feared. The fall had left a high dome above the sewer pipe. At the top, a few close loops of barbed wire were visible. Von Werra was mortified to discover that they were not under the middle of the lane as they had estimated, but directly below the first of the two security fences. On the other hand, if the fall had occurred under the lane the consequences might well have been fatal, if not for the tunnellers, then at least for the tunnel.

The British authorities had buried one concertina of barbed wire, filling in the trench loosely with clinker and rubble as well as earth. Air filtered through this trench into the tunnel. The coiled barbed wire acted as a reinforcement, preventing a total collapse above the sewer pipe.

The purpose of the buried wire was to stop prisoners burrowing under the fence at ground level. But by allowing air to filter through to the tunnel it had saved the "Tunnel Company" from defeat.

After the earth from the fall had been cleared out of the tunnel, the dome was shored up by a framework of interlaced garden canes, behind which sheets of tin obtained by unrolling bully-beef and other cans, and even panes of glass, were inserted. It was a lash-up job, but secure enough.

Thanks to the air filtering through the roof over the dome, von Werra and Manhard were able to work underground for long periods in comparative comfort.

From then on, the tunnel advanced rapidly. Von Werra and the other members of the team who were to escape through it spent their evenings planning how they would get out of England.

They decided that the initial breakout would be made by the five prisoners who had worked on the tunnel scheme from start to finish. As soon as they had got away, the tunnel exit would be camouflaged in the hope that other prisoners would be able to leave by it later.

Of the team of five, only von Werra and Wagner had a fair knowledge of English. Cramer and Wilhelm understood it fairly well, but could put only the simplest sentences together. Manhard was no linguist and did not aspire to become one; his knowledge of English was virtually nil.

As Wagner and Wilhelm had worked together disposing of the soil from the tunnel, they decided to escape together. They would make their way to Liverpool in the hope of being able to stow away in a Swedish, Spanish or Finnish ship, or of getting to Eire.

Cramer and Manhard were to keep together and travel by buses and hitch-hiking to Glasgow, where they also hoped to be able to stow away in a neutral ship.

Von Werra was to make a solo bid to get back to Germany.

His experiences while on the run in the Lake District had convinced him that a German escaper in Britain stood very little chance unless he could somehow get out of the country before the search for him got under way. And the only means of getting out of the country quickly was by air.

Von Werra therefore decided that after getting out of Swanwick camp he would make for the nearest R.A.F. aerodrome, wherever it might be, and try to get away in a stolen aircraft.

That was his basic plan. To put it into practice he had to devise some simple but completely convincing masquerade.

Von Werra knew he could not hope to pass himself off as an Englishman. Fortunately, however, there were now a great many Belgian, Czech, Dutch, French, Norwegian and Polish refugees serving in the R.A.F., speaking broken English and wearing uniforms with

POWER—5

From the summit of power men no longer turn their eyes upward, but begin to look about them.

J. R. Lowell

which the ordinary member of the British public was unfamiliar.

He decided he would pose as "Captain Albert William van Lott," a Dutchman, pilot of a Wellington of the "Mixed Special Bomber Squadron, Coastal Command," based at Aberdeen.

He would not know until he got out of the camp where the nearest R.A.F. station was, nor what kind of units were based there. However, he assumed that, being far inland, it was unlikely to be a Coastal Command base, and he chose to masquerade as a Coastal Command pilot for that very reason. Anyone he met at a Fighter, Bomber or Training Command station would not have an intimate knowledge of the workings of Coastal Command and would be less likely to trip him up.

Von Werra got the idea for the name of the fictitious squadron from reading British newspapers. He had read an item about a Dutch pilot of a "mixed squadron" being decorated for gallantry.

He inserted the word "Special" to give the designation additional vagueness. He selected Aberdeen for its base, partly because it was a long way away, but mainly because a fellow-prisoner, who had been an observer in an anti-shipping unit of the Luftwaffe, had taken part in numerous attacks in the Aberdeen area from Norwegian bases, and was able to give him reliable information about the location of airfields, factories, naval depots, etc.

So much for the background. As for the story itself, von Werra would say that he had been forced down somewhere north of Derby on the return flight from an attack on Esbjerg, on the west coast of Denmark, during which his Wellington had been hit by flak and seriously damaged. When he got in touch with the R.A.F. aerodrome from which he hoped to steal an aircraft, he would say he had already reported the crash of the Wellington by telephone to Aberdeen, and had been instructed to make his way to the aerodrome, to which in due course a plane would be sent to pick him up.

That story should enable him to get on to the aerodrome. Once there, he would have to rely on luck and his wits.

As for his wardrobe for the masquerade, a certain Oberleutnant Podbieski had managed to retain his flying suit when he was captured and he agreed to give it to von Werra. Another prisoner gave him a pair of fur-lined flying boots, and from another he got a pair of gloves. To complete his wardrobe, he bought a woollen, tartan scarf from the camp shop.

The other escapers were to pose as civilians, and the "forgery department" was busy producing identity cards.

Von Werra thought he could dispense with identity papers; if he were asked to produce them, he would point out that he had been on a raid and aircrew were not allowed to take papers into the air. However, he must be able to produce a service identity disc.

To get the details of a disc right, von Werra and two members of the "forgery department" staged a little pantomime in the camp kitchens.

They approached the British corporal in charge and asked him to settle a bet. Von Werra said he had once seen the identity discs of some captured British airmen, and was sure that in addition to name, rank and number, the owner's religion was given. His two friends ridiculed the idea that religion was among the particulars given. Who was right?

"See for yourself," the corporal replied with a grin. He pulled his own

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FROM the lower half of a bookcase, I made a cocktail cabinet. I measured the depth of the cupboard, and fitted a "side" at right angles to the door.

Between this side and the door itself I fitted plywood shelves shaped like a quarter circle to follow the arc of the door in its swing. Above the shelves, which hold the bottles, I arranged a slotted plywood rack to take the glasses.

Inside the cupboard I fitted more shelves with concave edges in the corner space left by the swinging shelves.—*J. Sleightholme, Old Bunk House, Leigh-on-Sea, Essex.*

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identity discs on a loop of string from his trouser pocket and handed them to von Werra.

"What did I tell you?" von Werra cried triumphantly. "You see—'CE'—'Church of England.' That'll cost you five cigarettes each!"

"You were wrong about one thing, though," said the corporal. "The rank isn't given."

"Why, so it isn't!" said von Werra. "Better make it three cigarettes each."

While von Werra engaged the corporal's attention with a rough description of German identity tags, the discs passed from hand to hand. Their weight and thickness were carefully noted, also the size, position and spacing of the stampings.

As soon as the prisoners left the kitchen, one of them took out his fountain pen and marked the faint circle in the palm of his hand where he had pressed a disc hard against it.

The "forgery department" then set to work. First they tried with linoleum; the upper surface was hard and shiny and ideal for the purpose, but the material was the wrong colour and it would not absorb their home-made dye. They tried with dyed cardboard, but it was too light. Eventually they got over this difficulty by splitting a cardboard disc in half and inserting a small disc cut from a tooth paste tube. The three discs were then stuck together with glue made by melting little globules of resin scraped from knots in the woodwork of the Garden House.

It took a long time and much practice to imitate the stampings of a genuine disc. The letters and numbers were cut into the cardboard with the point of a nail file, which had been reduced and sharpened. At length, a first-class imitation of a service identity disc was produced. It was left on a hot-water pipe for a couple of days to harden it and give it the slight convexity that had been observed in the corporal's discs.

THE escapers were financed entirely by Oberleutnant Wilhelm. It was, of course, strictly forbidden for prisoners to have currency of any kind; their pay took the form of book-keeping credits, the value of the items they bought in the camp canteen being debited to them.

However, Wilhelm had a one-carat diamond solitaire ring, which he placed on the market. Being such a shady and dangerous deal for both parties, the highest bid he could get for it from selected camp guards was £1. And even then he had the greatest difficulty in obtaining payment in small change instead of a note. The money was divided equally between the five escapers, thus each would leave Swanwick camp for Germany with four shillings in his pocket.

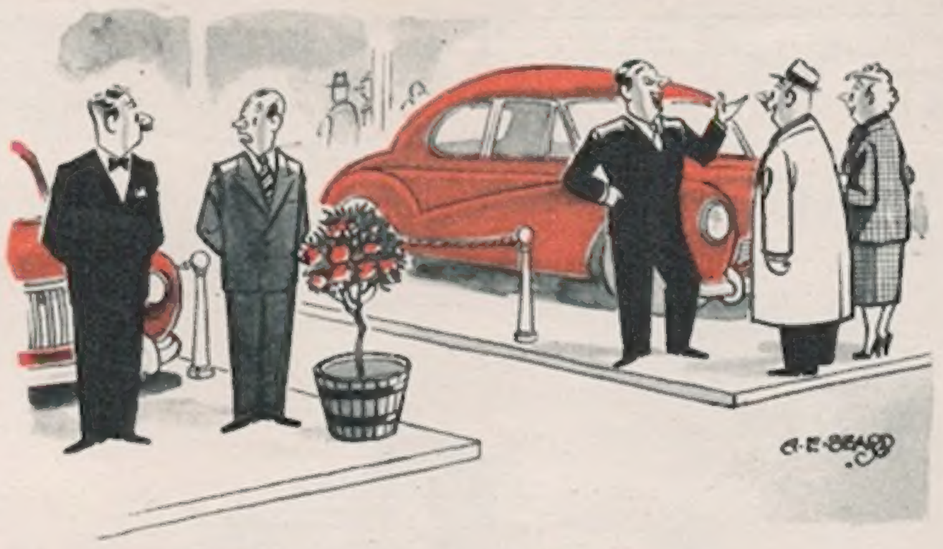
None of the prisoners was to carry any baggage except Manhard. He had acquired a fibre suitcase of which he was inordinately proud, and which he thought was just the thing for escaping. He had nothing to put in it except toilet articles and bars of chocolate. A non-smoker, he had always traded his monthly ration of cigarettes for chocolate. His "corner" in chocolate was one of the jokes of the camp, all the more so since he had never been known to eat any.

When asked, chaffingly, what on earth he proposed to do with it, he would say darkly: "Ah, that'll come in handy one of these days."

Meanwhile, the tunnel was nearing completion. One day von Werra noticed there were fine fibre roots in the soil he was digging out. The tunnel had reached beyond the two fences and the lane and was now under the hedge. He and Manhard therefore began to slope it upwards for the exit.

Two days later, a group of excited prisoners, including von Werra and Major Fanelsa, stormed to the window of a room on the top floor of the north wing. Here they were nearly twice as high as the watch tower and they could see the ground on the far side of the hedge, beyond the lane.

And there, waggling from side to side, about a yard from the hedge, was



"I'll say he's a wonderful salesman —he sold *me* one this morning"

the flower cane Manhard was poking up through the surface from the end of the tunnel. It was a supreme moment for von Werra. He was proud, gratified and thrilled. New adventures were in the offing.

He turned to Major Fanelsa and said, not without a hint of malice: "Well, Herr Major, is tomorrow the big night?"

But the major held himself aloof from the animation of the group. He frowned, and answered with a pompous, booming precision: "I'm sorry, Werra, but as the leader of P.O.W. Camp No. 13, I cannot accept responsibility if you make the exit to the tunnel at that point. It's too great a risk. I require you to extend it at least another six feet."

There was dead silence.

Von Werra flushed with rage.

"Oh, well," he muttered, "in that case we might as well keep going till we reach Calais. And then, I suppose, we shall be ordered to extend it to the Wilhelmstrasse!"

Some of the prisoners gasped, others tittered. Fanelsa asserted himself, hinted at a postwar court-martial, ordered von Werra to find the other members of the tunnel team and to bring them to his office in five minutes, and strode out of the room.

Faced with the four other officers, including one of his own rank, Major Fanelsa was firm but a little less Prussian. He said that the tunnel scheme had turned the camp upside down. Every little *gefreiter* (private) was running round with a home-made duplicate key in his pocket, expecting to be allowed to escape.

"I am going to put a stop to this nonsense," he added. "I shall permit only you five, who have actually worked on the tunnel, to escape in the first instance. After that, if we succeed in camouflaging the exit after you've gone, we shall see."

As it had already been decided that only the five should break out for the time being, nobody offered any objections.

Von Werra and Manhard completed the extension of the tunnel in two days. To make quite sure there would be no further objections from "Herr Willibald," they made it more than three yards longer. The completed tunnel was ready for use on the night of December 17—just a month after it was begun.

However, Major Fanelsa would not fix the date for the escape. A medical commission was due to visit Swanwick any day to examine seriously wounded prisoners with a view to their repatriation under an exchange scheme. It would create, he said, an unfavourable impression and perhaps prejudice the wounded men's chances of getting home, if the commission arrived during the excitement of a recent breakout.

Three days later he changed his mind. Provided conditions were favourable at the time, the escape could be staged that night.

The five then decided the order of their going. Von Werra, wearing a beret made from a piece of blanket to keep his hair clean, and a pair of old pyjamas dyed with boot blacking to protect his flying suit, would crawl into the tunnel shortly after final roll-call and lock-up at eight o'clock. He would open the tunnel exit by breaking through the layer of frozen topsoil that had been left. As soon as the hole was large enough, a non-escaping prisoner in the tunnel behind him would crawl back and give the word to the other escapers, who would be similarly dressed.

Major Cramer and Manhard would leave immediately after von Werra. There would then be an interval of half an hour, to allow the guards to forget any slight noises made by the first escapers, before Wagner and Wilhelm left.

The rendezvous for all five was a barn in a meadow beyond the farmhouse. As soon as the last man reached the barn and reported that all was well, the five would then go their separate ways.

The two pairs who were hoping to get away from the area quickly would have to hurry off to their respective bus stops. Von Werra had more time as his plan did not call for

POWER—6

Power is always gradually stealing away from the many to the few, because the few are more vigilant and consistent.

Samuel Johnson

him to be on the nearest R.A.F. aerodrome until dawn.

Whatever Major Fanelsa's reasons may have been for delaying the escape, when the time came the five men were glad they had waited. Conditions were ideal. The floodlighting over the fences was switched off between six and seven and shortly afterwards the air-raid sirens sounded.

The sky was overcast, but the moon, almost in its last quarter and due to set shortly after midnight, tinged the clouds with a faint luminosity. There was a sharp frost and thin patches of fog.

There was much German activity. Liverpool, far away to the west, was heavily attacked that night. Minor attacks of long duration developed on Derby, just a few miles to the south of Swanwick, and on Sheffield, not far to the north. It seemed to the five escapers that the Luftwaffe had laid on these two attacks especially for their benefit. The night seemed full of the sound of aircraft, bombs and gunfire.

When the roll-call had been taken and the prisoners locked in the Garden House for the night, the twenty-man choir under Leutnant Bein gathered on the staircase between the ground and the first floor, and began their usual nightly concert. But tonight every available prisoner in the camp stood by to join in the singing at zero hour. Spirits were high, the atmosphere was supercharged, and von Werra's eyes sparkled.

That day he had suddenly remembered that the crew of a crashed British bomber he had escorted in France wore their identity discs on string round their necks. He did likewise—a decision which later caused him chagrin and regret.

Before he fastened the diagonal zip of his flying suit and put on the dyed pyjamas, he stuffed that day's camp copy of *The Times*, which had been carefully kept clean for him, into his breast. The newspaper and the packets of English cigarettes and bars of chocolate in his pockets were all the props for his act.

At about eight fifteen he shook hands with the friends he was leaving behind and crawled up the tunnel for the last time.

It was harder work than he had expected to break through the frozen crust of earth. He puffed and perspired in the flying suit and fur-lined boots, for he was used to working naked. At last the hole was large enough and he gave the signal to the man waiting behind him.

VON WERRA relaxed for a few minutes to recover breath and composure. His head protruded a little way from the hole. He looked and listened. To the south, searchlights were ineffectively raking the cloud base. It was suddenly strangely still. No guns, no bombs, no aircraft and—horrible moment—*no singing!* What on earth had happened?

In the stillness close behind him somebody cleared his throat and spat. Von Werra's pulse raced. He had completely forgotten the guards in the watch tower. He turned his head, keeping his face under cover, and assured himself that he was screened from the watch tower by the hedge.

The guns opened fire again in Derby. Almost simultaneously the prisoners started singing. Von Werra grinned at the unexpected volume of the sound. And he was hearing it from outside the wire! Then he realized they were singing that particular song for his benefit: *Muss i denn, muss i denn zum Städtele naus*—"I must away into the great wide world."

Von Werra listened for a moment longer. He could swear that he recognized the booming voice of Major Fanelsa. He emerged noiselessly from the tunnel and crawled towards some bushes. There he paused. On the next leg he would have to cross a path, skirt some farm buildings, cross another path and enter the field in which was the barn fixed as the rendezvous.

He crept forward to the side of the path, out of cover. As he was rising off his knees he heard a gate slam behind the buildings. Then there was the sound of voices, male and female, and the ring of iron-shod boots on cobble stones. Instantly von Werra fell flat.

The next moment the voices sounded much closer. Raising his head and peering between his fingers, he saw several figures that had just turned the corner of a building and were now hesitantly coming towards him on the path. No doubt they had been attracted by the noise of the singing.

There were two men and two women. The women had coats slung over their shoulders.

There was a slight rustle behind him and the sound of quick breathing. Major Cramer! Then farther back, a squeak, unmistakably made by the handle of Manhard's accursed suitcase.

The figures on the path were not more than thirty yards away.

NEXT WEEK: The police question "Captain van Lott"

"The One That Got Away" is published as a book by Collins and Michael Joseph at 16s.

Out of the dark

Continued from page 29

to shoot from, but it annoyed Bert that Prater would be so near to them. He'd hoped Prater would be away, out of earshot, when he asked Charley for the gun. He didn't want Prater to see, or even to know about the shot unless it was successful. He was vaguely aware there was something pathetic about his wanting to try it, and he didn't want Prater to see.

When they reached the hide, Charley pulled several tufts of marsh grass and spread them out on the ground for them to sit on. Then Bert heard him pick up a sack of decoys and start out into the water again.

"Set them out between us and the wind, Charley," he said. Charley knew to do that, of course, but it gave Bert a sense of participation to say it. "And don't forget to put out a watcher."

When Charley returned, they settled down to wait. Then Charley said: "It's starting to get light, Bert."

Somehow Bert had sensed it. Soon a small wind would come across the water, caressing his face with icy fingers, and the tufts of grass would begin to stir and fret and rub against each other. Then, soon, the ducks.

There was a long, long silence. Bert waited, feeling the dawn come up. Then suddenly Charley gripped his knee. "Here they come."

Bert felt his heart turn over. He waited, listening, not moving, not breathing, crouching there in his own private darkness, projecting every faculty of perception into the void above him, searching.

The sound of Charley's gun struck Bert's ears like a hammer blow. *Blam! Blam!* Prater was firing, too, now. Bert heard the whistling of the wings; then there was the tiniest fraction of total silence, followed by a loud splash nearby, then two more, distantly.

"I shot a double, Bert," Charley said excitedly.

"One for me," Prater called.

Bert sighed and relaxed. Now the shot came down, sprinkling the water around them, *tuk, tuk, tuk, tuk.*

Bert settled back against a stump. His heart was thumping and the palms of his hands inside his gloves were wet with perspiration. He knew he had to try it. More than anything in the world, he needed to participate just once more, to be able to think of himself as a hunter still, instead of the sightless, helpless invalid blindness had made of him. . . .

An hour later, after three more flights and three more volleys, Charley took his fourth bird from a flight of pintails, getting his bag limit for the day. Prater had only three. Bert sat with his hands thrust down under the bib of his waders, feet numb, nose smarting with cold.

"Here comes a pair," Charley said suddenly.

Bert listened, then heard Prater scrape to his feet and fire twice.

"Well, that does it," Prater called. "Four and four makes eight."

Charley started to get up, but Bert put out his hand and stopped him. "Charley?"

"Yes, Bert?"

"Let's wait a little longer and see if another bunch will come in. I thought I'd like to try a shot myself—you know, just shoot where it sounds like they are."

"Sure. Why don't you, Bert?" Charley turned. "Hey, Prater! Get your bird and come back here. Bert wants to try a flight-shot."

"Good man!" Prater called back heartily. "Be with you in a second."

Bert heard Charley load the gun. He put out his hand, and Charley gave it to him carefully.

"I'll use the caller, Bert. That way we can get them right down on the decoys. You want them bunched, and if I were you, I think I'd fire both barrels. You might get two or three."

The tension was mounting now, and Bert suddenly wished he did not have to go through with it. It was a wild idea—ducks were hard enough to hit when you could see them. And Prater was going to be there, encouraging him, pitying him. He wished he could call it off. But he couldn't. Somehow it was very important now. It was important to try, because this was not enough, this listening and longing. A man had to bring home his own game, or he was no part of it. And with that thought, Bert knew he had struck a bargain with himself; if he failed, he would never go hunting again.

Prater joined them, panting from the long wade out to get his last bird.

Bert wished again, fervently, that Prater had not come along—he and Charley should have been there alone, like in the old days. The ducks were flying now; they were in the air every minute, judging from the conversation between Charley and Prater. But most of them were high and far away.

"What about those, Charley?" Prater said.

Charley began to use the caller, squawking softly. Bert waited, tense and listening, acutely conscious of Prater's presence.

"You turned them," Prater said.

Silence.

"They're coming in, Bert," Charley said. "Pintails! Get set."

"Gosh!" Prater whispered hoarsely "They're coming right in."

Bert waited, every muscle tight as a steel spring. He heard the wings whispering, heard two or three skid into the water with that electrifying, rushing sound. He raised the gun, aimed it into the noise, and pulled both triggers at once. The recoil almost dislocated his shoulder, but he scarcely felt it, because Prater was shouting: "You got one! You got one, Bert!"

He felt a heavy hand slammed into his back. But he waited, listening for Charley's voice. Finally he heard Charley say: "Yes, you got him, all right."

He suddenly realized he was trembling. He had missed. Somehow, by the tone of Charley's voice, he knew he had missed. This was Prater's idea of kindness. Now there would be a lot of splashing around, pretending they were retrieving his bird, and then probably they'd give him one of their ducks to carry, like a child. A feeling of helpless fury seized him.

And that was the way it did happen. Prater splashed out and back, making a lot more noise than was necessary, and pressed a large duck in his hands.

But the odd thing was that the duck felt limp and warm, like a bird that has just been killed. His spirits flickered up again. Maybe he had shot it. All at once he was suspended between belief and disbelief. Had he or hadn't he? There was only one way to find out: to count them. If there were nine ducks, then this one was really his. But if there were only eight. . . .

They started back then, through the cold wind and water. And Bert carried a duck. He held it by the legs and felt the heavy body bumping against his leg as he walked. It was a fine feeling, but it was not enough unless this duck was really his.

He had to know. As he sloshed through the water, one hand on Charley's thin shoulder, he began to work out a plan in his mind.

The chance came, half-way home, when Charley stopped at a café to refill the coffee flask. Prater stayed in the car, but Bert had anticipated that.

"Prater," he said. "Wonder if you'd mind running in there and getting me a bar of chocolate."

"Of course not, Bert," Prater said, solicitous as ever.

He heard Prater get out and listened tensely to the sound of his shoes crunching on the gravel as he walked across the space between the car and the restaurant.

He slid quickly out of the car. With his left hand following the chrome strip, he made his way to the back of the car. He felt across the boot door to the handle.

He tried it, felt it give, and felt the door lift against the knuckles of his hand as the spring pulled it up. Now the ducks were there in front of him on the floor of the boot, lying side by side. He reached down and began to run his hands over the slick, cushiony feathers of their breasts. One, two, three——

"Bert."

The sound of Prater's voice went through him like an electric shock. There was an interminable moment of total silence. Then Prater's voice again, quiet and patient, but no longer compassionate.

"I'm not going to stop you from counting them," he said. "But there's something I'd like to say before you do. I knew you didn't believe me when I said you killed that duck, Bert. But Charley said so, too. I'm not asking you to take my word for it, because I know you don't like me. I felt it from the start. But I am asking you to take Charley's word for it.

"You've had tough luck, Bert. But what has happened, has happened, and you may as well face up to the fact that you're going to have to depend on other people a lot for the rest of your life. You're going to have to take *somebody's* word for a lot of things, Bert—and if it isn't going to be people like Charley, who is it going to be? When you begin to doubt your friends, Bert, and when you begin to refuse the sympathy they *need* to give you, that's when you're going to have a hard time of it. Understand what I'm trying to say?"

Bert nodded.

"Okay. Go ahead and count them."

Bert stood for several seconds still holding the boot open. Then he heard Prater turn and start to walk away.

"Prater?"

"Yes?"

"You tell me now, once more. Did I kill that duck?"

"You certainly did, Bert."

Bert closed the boot. "That's good enough for me."

He put out his hand and felt it taken, warmly and firmly, in the friendly hand of Jim Prater. THE END

OPEN TO VIEW

by JAMES LEES-MILNE

Drawn by ROWLAND HILDER

The King of England wore patched trousers and a greasy old hat—and hid in a secret chamber

In 1651 young Mr. Thomas Whitgreave was living at Moseley Old Hall with his old mother. They were staunch royalists. With them was a Benedictine priest, Father Huddleston.

On September 3, Charles II's forces were defeated at Worcester and the King was fleeing for his life. For a day or two the King, heavily disguised as Will Jones, a woodcutter, hid in an oak tree at Boscobel, a neighbouring property to Moseley. His guardians were five faithful brothers, called Penderell.

On the following Sunday night the brothers conducted the King to Moseley. Charles was wearing a greasy steeple-crowned hat, patched threadbare breeches and old sodden shoes.

For two days and nights the King stayed at Moseley.

In the daytime he rested on Father Huddleston's bed (still preserved at the National Trust's Wightwick Manor nearby), discussing plans for escape to France. At night he slept in the adjoining secret chamber, which still exists and is approached through floorboards in a small closet. Huddleston also showed him the secret chapel at the top of the house.

One afternoon searchers arrived at the house and the King again took refuge in the hiding-hole.

At twelve o'clock of a cold and drizzling night Charles left Moseley. Old Mrs. Whitgreave pressed a parcel of sweets and raisins into the King's pocket. Charles kissed her, thanked his host and Father Huddleston, promising, if he survived, to reward their services, and vanished into the mist and rain.

At the Restoration, Thomas Whitgreave was granted a pension. He continued to live at Moseley—which is now protected by the National Trust. Father Huddleston, also granted a pension, was exempted from all the penalties against Catholic priests.

In 1685 Charles lay dying. The Anglican clergy were swarming round his bedside. But the King seemed worried and whispered to his brother, who cleared the room. Presently Father Huddleston, now aged nearly eighty, was ushered in by a side door. Thirty-four years had passed since the two had met.

"Father," said the dying king, "you who once saved my body are now come to save my soul."

How to get there: Moseley Old Hall is four miles from Wolverhampton. *Open:* Visits can be made by special arrangement.

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to celebrate "Bullets" 44th Birthday!

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He chose an *Example*, thought a little around it and down on his coupon went this *Bullet*: BABY OF TOMORROW —WILL JUDGE *Our* "SHOW"!

Below are this week's inviting *Examples*. Enjoy ten minutes with them today and for a *Bullet* you post by Monday, October 29, your colossal reward may be £1,500 cash *plus* 44 extra presentations!

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To make a *Bullet*, add simply TWO, THREE or FOUR words of apt and original comment to any of the *Examples* below. To use an incomplete *Example*, first complete it with any one word in place of dotted line—then make your *Bullet* as usual.

Nation Of Sloggers	Thanks To Her
More Bloodshed	One Dark Night
The Mediterranean	Gentleman From London
Fooling Ourselves	Just Like Dad
Mind That Child And	It's Called Entertainment, But
On, On, On	Made Things Worse
Home, The Magnet	Now Effie's A Brownie
When My Ship Comes In	Broke All Records
Steady, Mr. Motorist	Looks Tough
Job For The Unions	If Mum Ran The Country

Incomplete "Examples"—see instructions

The Cost Of.....	Terror Of The.....
Rocking And.....	Not So.....
Turned Out.....	Where The.....Went

EXAMPLE ..... 6d.

BULLET .....

EX. ..... 6d.

B. .....

EX. ..... 6d.

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2,062

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Chief Winners No. 2,057

FIRST PRIZE, £300 (or £1,250 if Tournament winner) plus £70 TV: W. E. Lucas, 304 Westdale Lane, Mapperley, Nottingham:

No End Of Mountains—Plenty Of "Yodelling"—Marriage!

£25: E. Smithson, 25 Parrs Wood Road, Didsbury, Manchester: NO END OF MUTTON-CHOPS — *And* "BEEF," VICTORIANS DISPLAYED. £10: Mrs. M. Elwell, 88 Ruabon Road, Wrexham: IN THE HOSPITALS OF BRITAIN—"BIRTH" OF SAFER ROADS?

OTHER AWARDS: £9: S. Paxford, 26 Cygnet Road, West Bromwich: IN DOBBIN'S DAY—UTOPIA? DISCARD THOSE "BLINKERS"! £8: A. R. Lake, 236 Mancroft Avenue, Lawrence Weston, Bristol: CHAMPION OF LIBERTY—RUSSIA—AFTER "ELIMINATION BOUTS"! £7: Mrs. M. T. Griffiths, 32 Battery Place, Rothesay: IN TROUBLED WATERS—WORKERS—THROUGH "FOLLOWING WIND"? £6: B. Butterworth, 153 Harrow Road, Leicester: CRAZY, MIXED-UP KID — OR CUTE PSYCHOLOGIST, NASSER? £5: J. B. Beggs, 73 Hillmount Gardens, Finaghy, Belfast: HOW TO LIVE LONGER—IN RUSSIA —*Swallow* "POISON"! £5: Mrs. J. Bennett, 8 Westdale Gardens, Burnage, Manchester: SHOCK FOR THE VIEWERS—"MY LAST PICTURE? *Ghastly!*" £5: S. Brentman, Flat 4, 304 Bury New Road, Salford, Lancs: IF WALLS COULD SPEAK —"GET THOSE WATER-PIPES *Inside!*"

For ten winners of £2 10s., see "*Bullets*" *Bulletin*. 50 Special Awards and 1,500 "Good Shot" Prizes have also been posted. (Tournament winner will be announced in JOHN BULL dated November 17.)

RULES 1. First Prize for best *Bullet* received. Others in order of merit; the test is of cleverness, aptness and originality.

2. Editor undertakes that all *Bullets* received shall be accorded careful consideration by competent adjudicators.

3. As entry-fee enclose P.O. as indicated on coupon. Fee submitted will be taken to cover *Bullets* in coupon order—any sent in excess will be disqualified. Plain-paper entries are allowed. Make P.O. payable to JOHN BULL, cross /& Co./, write name and address on back. Coupons must not be mutilated.

4. Entries accepted by post only and on condition that result of this Contest (in JOHN BULL dated November 24), also Editor's decision in any matter of dispute, are accepted as final and legally binding. Odhams' employees (and families) ineligible.

(See "Daily Herald" on Saturday, November 10, for early news of No. 2,062 result.)

POST ENTRY

"Bullets" 2,062, "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.2 (Comp.).

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NEWS! A toothpaste for people who can't brush after every meal-

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